Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE, MECHANIC ARTS, LITERATURE, NEWS, &c.

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Maine Farmer.

EZEKIEL HOLMES, S. L. BOARDMAN, } Editors.

Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man.

What kind of a Mower shall I buy?

Questions similar to the above are frequently asked us, both by letter and otherwise, from farmers who are unacquainted with the operations of these machines but who are about purchasing. The question which is the *best* machine, is one which it is simply impossible to answer, from the fact that no machine which we are acquainted with, combines those distinct principles of excellence which entitle it to this rank. One machine which would give satisfaction to Mr. A., might not be the kind which Mr. B. would purchase; and it is an easy matter to find good practical farmers, men who have had experience with mowers, declare that Wood's, the Buckeye, the Manny, the New England, or some other patent, is each, respectively, *the best* machine. It is necessary to remember that there is a great deal in being accustomed to the working of a certain machine. Hence a practical farmer having used one of Wood's, and not being so well acquainted with the Buckeye, might at first condemn the latter machine, or say at least that Wood's was superior to it. Therefore in a great degree this matter of passing judgment upon the merits or demerits of this or that machine is one which every farmer can best do for himself, after seeing their operations. The best way is to buy no machine upon the manufacturer's recommendation, but to take one, and say to the agent: "I will take your machine, use it carefully three days, return it to you at that time as good as when I received it; and if it performs its work to my satisfaction, I will purchase." Perhaps this even, may be giving too short a time to the trial of the machine, for some practical farmers contend that nothing short of one season's use can be able to decide that any machine will answer all their requirements.

Wood's Mower is a small, light machine, weighing from 450 to 500 pounds. It cuts a swath 3½ to 4 feet wide, and has two driving wheels. The cutting bar is adjusted by means of a lever in front of the driver's seat, and the machine can at once be thrown out of gear by raising the pawls which hold the pinions on each end of the driving shaft. The finger bar is so constructed that in striking any obstruction it relieves itself, thus passing over obstacles six inches high without stopping the machine. By removing a single bolt, the finger bar is taken off and can be placed across the frame when going from place to place. This machine is of easy draft, and although light, is built so durable that its efficiency is not lessened by its light weight.—They are built for both one and two horses.

The Buckeye is a heavier machine than Wood's. It cuts a swath from 3½ to 4½ feet in width, and runs upon two driving wheels, either one of which when in motion will operate the knives. This is an advantage in turning a short corner, as it does not stop the motion of the knives. The heel of the cutting bar is supported by a small wheel, and the bar itself having a double hinge joint, rises or falls according to the surface of the ground. When not in use, the finger bar can be folded over and laid across the frame of the machine in front of the driver's seat. There is an advantage to this machine over others, in that the finger bar is situated in front and not back of the driver's seat.

The Ketchum, Manny, Union, New England and other mowers, are all good machines. Either one we doubt not, after a thorough trial, would satisfy the wants of farmers.

In using a mower it is important that the knives are kept sharp and in good order; that every nut and bolt is perfectly tight; and that all the bearings are kept well oiled with sperm oil. Attention to these particulars will facilitate work, keep the machine in better condition, and it will be less liable to get out of order.

A Two-story Milking Stool.

"Something new under the sun," in the shape of a milking-stool for kicking and unruly cows, is described by a correspondent of the Iowa *Homestead*. The stool can be made of inch boards, and has many advantages over the old-fashioned one. First procure a piece of board of sufficient size to accommodate the milker, and have in addition, room for the milk-pail. This may be put on legs of about eight inches in height. Then upon this, erect another seat or stool, covering half the space of the bottom one, for the milker to sit, thereby giving him a chance in front to let the pail remain firm and steady, not liable to get kicked over, and by being up from the ground kept free from dirt and mud, and so close to the udder as to prevent loss from milking over, &c. If a cow is in the habit of kicking, the milker by using a stool of this description, can have both hands to prevent her heels from coming in contact with the pail which sets firm upon the front part of the stool, steadied by his knees. He could in a short time effectually break a cow of the habit of kicking while being milked.

Sales of Stock.

The Short-horned bull, Damon Third, formerly owned by the North Vienna Stock Company, has been purchased by John R. Arey, Esq., and taken to his farm on Brigadier Island, near Searsport. Damon Third is one of the best and most thorough bred animals in the State; and at our own and other State, as well as several County Fairs, has borne off a number of first prizes. He will make a valuable addition to the already noted herd upon this Island, and an excellent opportunity is thus afforded for farmers in the vicinity to improve their stock.

Mr. Charles G. Jackson, of Winthrop, has recently purchased of Mr. Eldridge, of the Blue Hill Stock Farm, near Boston, Mass., his full-blooded Jersey bull, Dick Swiveller, Jr. He is three years old, and was got by Thos. Motley's imported bull, Dick Swiveller, Sr., out of the famous cow Flora. Dick Jr., is pronounced by good judges, the most perfect specimen of a Jersey for his age ever seen in Massachusetts. He has taken three first premiums at State Fairs.

☞ We shall publish next week, the schedule of Premiums for the next Annual Show and Fair of the Kennebec Agricultural Society at Readfield.

Lightning Rods.

Copper is the best material for a lightning conductor, but its cost is so much greater than iron, that the latter is perhaps as good for general purposes. Iron has one advantage over copper inasmuch as it is stiffer and will better withstand the wind. The size of the rod should be one-half or five-eighths of an inch in diameter; a rod of smaller size has been known to be melted, but this size is safe.

There are several essential particulars to be borne in mind in erecting a lightning conductor. First, the rod should go into the earth several feet, or so far that the bottom will be always moist. It should also be connected—not necessarily in one piece, but if joined it should be done by screwing the ends together in a nut. This makes the rod substantial. The top of the rod should in all cases be pointed; and if there are a number of points to divide the charge, so much the better. It must be half as high above the top of the building, as the distance horizontally to the farthest part of the top.

It is an error to suppose that the point should be kept bright. This is not necessary, if it is only sharp. Insulators which are made of iron staples, or rings of glass confined in iron sockets, are of no real value, for it has been ascertained that a slight charge from an electric machine will leap over such a small insulation; and the glass, if wet in a shower at once becomes a conductor. Experiments with lightning rods have shown that a good continuous rod discharging into moist earth, will carry down the electricity, no matter what supports it has, as the fluid always takes the best conductor, if a continuous circuit is at hand. Supports of wood, are therefore readily made, as good as any, and often better than many others.

The height to which rods should extend above the building is governed by the following rule: A rod in the center will protect a space whose diameter is four times the height of the rod above the building. As an example: a building 40 feet long will need a rod to extend 10 feet above the roof. A barn 80 feet long, will need a rod in the middle 20 feet high, or if two are placed each twenty feet from the ends, they need be but 10 feet high.

Many buildings having lightning conductors upon them have been demolished in consequence of the rod not entering a sufficient depth into the soil. The rod should enter permanently moist earth, and extend to six feet in depth below the surface. It is an excellent plan to put a bushel of charcoal in the bottom of the hole in which the rod enters, it being an excellent conductor, thereby scattering the lightning into the earth. As the iron rod, if it remains under ground for many years is liable to become rusted through, it would be a better plan to have that part of copper.

The assertion that an iron rod if painted becomes a non-conductor is untrue, as trials have shown it to be perfectly groundless.

Care of Trees in Orchards.

There seems to be a diversity of opinions as to whether orchards should or should not be cultivated with other crops. If trees appear weak and unthrifty in growth, the soil should be manured and cultivated until they assume a healthy and free growing appearance. After that, the orchard should be seeded down to grass, not neglecting thereafter, as of the first importance, an annual top dressing or mulching under each tree.

The borer—keep him out of your orchard by all means! It can be done we think, and among the plans recommended, none seem more judicious than that given by a correspondent of the *Gardener's Monthly*. He has effectually prevented the ravages of this destructive pest by removing the earth from the stem of the tree, so that the bark will harden down on the collar. It is well known that this insect never penetrates the tree at any other point than where the bark, from its contact with the soil, becomes tender. This is doubtless correct, and if so, similar methods could be almost as easily tried, and would perhaps be more effectual. Among these, putting a bandage round the trees, for two inches below and six above the surface of the ground, is a good one. The bandage can be made of coarse muslin; put on once a year for three or four years, and the operation could be performed with considerable dispatch. Another mode is to cover the trunks of trees at the roots, and for five or six inches upwards with a coating of grafting wax, afterwards putting on the linen bandage if deemed necessary. The cost of thus protecting an orchard of fifty or a hundred trees would be a mere trifle as considered in regard to the benefit to be derived therefrom. It should not be forgotten that any of these plans only keep the borer from the trees after they are applied—they do not destroy those already in the tree; hence the knife and wire must be used in clearing them from their holes previous to putting on the bandages.

Our orchardists sustain a great loss by not giving proper attention to their trees. An annual outlay of five dollars, bestowed upon a small orchard of young trees, in the way of mulching, protection from the borer, &c., will in as many years, bring it into a more productive and better condition than twenty years' time, if allowed to take care of itself.

The Scientific Survey.

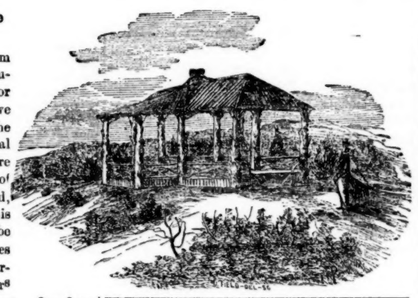
The following is an editorial notice of the preliminary report of the Scientific Survey of Maine, from Silliman's Journal, the first scientific journal in the country:

"We must defer to a subsequent issue a special notice of this report, which embraces some points of general geology of great scientific interest: as for example, the proof that the lowest member of the carboniferous system in New Brunswick overlies unconformably the equivalent of the Perry beds, establishing, in the view of Mr. Hitchcock, the certainty that the carboniferous system does not occur in Maine.

It is worthy of remark that, in these times of civil strife, Maine has the courage to inaugurate a new scientific survey, while some other States are suspending work on surveys, partly completed. This is more to the honor of Maine, inasmuch as in case of a foreign war she would be the first to suffer the liability of invasion."

☞ We have always welcomed to our table—as one of the most excellent and practical journals of its class—*Evans' Rural Economist*, issued at West Chester, Pa., and we regret therefore to announce its discontinuance. We hope that with the return of more favorable times, it will again make its appearance.

Rural Adornments for the Garden.



Our climate, during the warm months, is favorably adapted to rural recreations, or out of door amusements. In this respect we have many advantages over the damp atmosphere and uncongenial clime of England—though they are far in advance in this particular of rustic pleasures. Downing said, that in summer he made use of his garden for a parlor; and it would be well if many of our country homes were provided with cheap but durable summer houses, rustic arbors and seats, for the garden and lawn. Our farm houses are durable and substantial, and our village residences are, many of them, elegant; yet, who does not love more than these, a quiet, open summer-house, made in a rustic manner, and occupying some secluded yet inviting portion of the grounds?

We introduce herewith an illustration of one of these rural structures—not for the purpose of recommending it as a model for buildings of this class, but to give an idea of their manner of construction. The one here shown is an ugly and ill-shaped structure for the purpose intended, looking more like an old fashioned "Dutch Cap" than a cozy garden arbor. Its location, too, is far from inviting. Buildings of this class should be situated in some retired corner of the grounds, or in the midst of a pleasant, but not dense grove, and not upon an elevation where they will be exposed to both wind and sun.

The manner of erecting these rustic buildings is simple, and therefore inexpensive. Made chiefly of the trunks and branches of trees (of some durable wood) in their natural forms, they admit a great display of taste and ingenuity. They can be made of various forms and sizes to correspond with the particular features of the locality where they are to be situated. As they will be exposed to the weather, they should be constructed of the most durable wood, such as cedar, white oak, &c. If the materials are cut towards the close of summer, the wood will last much longer than if cut in winter or spring. The bark will peel off quick if cut in winter, and the summer-house would, in a few years, present anything but a neat and cheerful aspect. These summer houses or rustic arbors should also be provided with furniture, such as a table, seats, &c., constructed of the same materials.

It will be a pleasant task to build such garden adornments, and to throw into them all the taste and beauty which they are capable of exhibiting when properly built and located. No one who loves a garden can deny that it gives them the highest charm to see rustic arbors, trellises and seats scattered around the grounds of a country home; and we shall be glad if any words of our own shall serve to bring the matter to more attention. A rural journal in speaking of the adornments which these arbors are capable of holding, throws out the following hint: "One of the prettiest modes of embellishing a summer-house, is to suspend rustic baskets of flowers from the roof or brackets. These baskets may be lined with moss, and then almost any climbing plants growing in pots, may be set in the basket. The Maurandias, the English Ivy, the Money-wort, and other things, succeed admirably. They look beautiful when twining around the cords which suspend the basket, and trailing gracefully below it."

Bee-moths---Query.

Mr. Editors:—I have a few hives of bees, one of which is troubled with moths. I had one last year; it did not do anything, but lived through the summer, and died in the winter. I fear this will do the same. The moths are in it; I killed over fifty at one time. I have put in camphor but it does no good. If you or any of your subscribers can tell of any way to exterminate them, you will oblige A Subscriber.

Orrington, June 19th, 1862.

Note. It is seldom that moths appear in such large numbers so early in the year. July and August are the months when more of them are found than in all the rest of the season. There is no danger of moths troubling strong and healthy swarms; it is the weak ones which always suffer the most. Quinby, author of a practical work on the management of bees, recommends laying old pieces of dried comb, under the small swarms. The worms will gather around these pieces which should occasionally be taken out that the worms may be destroyed. Shallow dishes filled with sweetened water, placed among the hives at night, for a few weeks, have been suggested as a good preventive; for large numbers of the moths get drowned therein, when they can be given to the chickens. Water and molasses should be added as the mixture dries away.—Eds.

Flax Culture---Quory.

Mr. Editors:—Could not our farming community raise flax profitably, for the seed, as the demand for the oil is good? What quantity of oil can be obtained from a bushel of seed? What would be the average yield per acre? Must it be pulled? J. L. H.

Tuftonboro', Carroll Co., N. H.

Note. We hardly think it would be advisable for farmers to raise flax wholly for the purpose of obtaining the seed, although when the plant is grown for its fibre, from ten to fifteen bushels of seed (according to the richness of the soil,) can be raised per acre, in addition. If flax is raised for the seed alone, the ground can hardly be too well manured, while if grown for the fibre a rich soil is objected to, as it causes the fibre to be rank and coarse. We are unable to state the amount of oil produced from a bushel of seed, which is now quoted at about $2 per bushel. It is not necessary that the crop be pulled as was formerly the practice, for the process of manufacture has become so much perfected that it can be cut with a scythe or cradle. If flax is grown for the fibre, the plant requires cutting as soon as the blossoms begin to fall, but if the purpose is to secure both seed and fibre, it should remain until the balls have turned yellow.—Eds.

Culture of Millet.

The Germantown *Telegraph* says that every farmer should have an acre or two of millet. To feed to cattle either green or dry, it comes in very opportunely. It seldom fails of producing an abundant crop—as much, where soil and culture are of the best, as four tons to the acre. Any time this month will do to put it in, the earlier, however, the better.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

Letter from Prof. Hitchcock.

Dear Doctor:—Yesterday, Mr. Goodale and myself arrived here from Moosehead lake, having finished our expected vernal explorations in Northern Maine. Our expedition was a successful one, although we spent but three weeks on the way.

We have traveled 422 miles since we left Greenville on the 18th, and returned to the same place. We went to the North-west carry at the head of the lake, thence crossed into the West Branch of the Penobscot, went to the head waters of the West Branch, crossed to St. John pond on the Wobdstook river, ran down to the much talked of "Baker lake," thence down the Woolagasquigwam river to the St. John river, which we followed down to the Seven Islands farm, traveling as far up the Boundary Branch of the St. John as the low stage of the water would permit. This farm was the "ultima thule" of our course, and we returned by way of the Depot Farm, Churchill, Heron, Chamberlain and Chesuncook lakes, to the West Branch again, and the North-east carry at the head of Moosehead lake.

The most important fact ascertained by us, is the existence of an immense tract of very fertile made land, or "interval," as it is commonly designated, along the West Branch of the Penobscot river, from the head of Chesuncook lake to near its source. The soil is remarkably fertile, as is evidenced by the luxuriant growth of the trees and small herbs. Scarcely any clearings have been attempted, and the whole of this very fertile region has been left to the control of hunters, lumbermen and the original denizens of the forest. These fertile lands extend for over forty miles in length, and are commonly several miles wide.

We have been almost surprised that such fine lands were not occupied for agricultural purposes, especially since they are much nearer the markets than the farms of the greater part of Aroostook county. No part of this region is more than two days' distance from Bangor by the established routes of communication; while in Aroostook county every locality north of Houlton, is more than two days' journey from Bangor. So excellent appeared to us the advantages of settlement upon the West Branch, that we felt very much like throwing aside all science and starting for the woods with axe in hand.

Upon the St. John waters the land did not appear to be so fertile, in general, as upon the West Branch. We must except certain low districts in the vicinity of St. John pond and Baker lake. These tracts of land are overflowed every spring, and hence would not be adapted to every variety of cultivation which the climate would permit. We were reminded of the fine grass lands of Trout Brook farm by these thousands of acres of meadow land. That portion of the meadows near Baker lake, seems to be the basin of an old lake, which is now dried up. We saw no special reason why this lake should have been drained, but of the fact we feel confident.

The country on the head waters of the Penobscot and St. John rivers, is not mountainous. It is an undulating country, with occasional large hills with a gentle slope. For this reason the scenery at Baker lake is not impressive, though quite beautiful.

We found the markings of two old rivers of ice, or glaciers, on these two rivers. One of them is the upper part of the St. John glacier, as described in my report. The rocks are quite interesting in a scientific point of view, particularly on the West Branch and portions of the Allegnash lakes, which were not examined last year.

I felt more interested in a discovery made upon Mooschead lake than in any of the others. Upon Farm Island I found the fossil remains of a peculiar sea-weed, having very much the shape of a rooster's tail—hence it is called the cock-tail fucoid, and the rock the cock-tail grit. Those who prefer the Latin name, may know this rock as the Cauda-Galli grit. This discovery makes known to us the existence of another fossiliferous formation in Maine, whose existence was not suspected a fortnight ago. It is a Lower Devonian formation, the first one above the Oriskany sandstone, whose existence in the northern part of the State was made known last year. If we were given to utter predictions, we would prophesy that more discoveries of scientific interest will be made upon Moosehead lake. We had no time to explore this region on this trip, but must take time for it in the future. The lake cannot fail to continue to be a place of resort for those who love fine scenery, and are amateurs in the arts of hunting and fishing. The accommodations at Mt. Kineo and at Greenville, are excellent, and no one can find on any of our inland lakes a more charming ride than can be enjoyed in the steamer "Fairy of the Lake," or a more courteous and entertaining captain than Capt. Robinson.

Mr. White, who went with us to study geology, was so much pleased with the rocks and the country, that on leaving us he made a trip to Allegnash lake and Cancangomoe lake for the sake of knowing what might be found there. Though made at his own expense, he has generously promised to favor us with a report of what he finds for our next annual report.

We were driven out by the black flies. We had expected to stay a fortnight longer; but it is of no use to try to withstand these animals, the terror of the forests. If I had an enemy, I could not wish greater torment for him than to be exposed to these flies for three days.

Very truly yours, C. H. Hitchcock.

Skowhegan, June 10th, 1862.

For the Maine Farmer.

Why Hogs should not run on Stable Manure.

Mr. Editors:—I received the following letter a few days since, and forward it, together with my answer, for publication in the *Farmer*. The letter explains itself. The name I suppress.

———, May 20, 1862.

Z. A. G.—*Dear Sir:* Pray tell me why hogs should not be allowed to run on horse and other manure. As for as your article in *Maine Farmer* of May 6th—I have had three hogs in my barn cellar the past winter at work mixing horse and cow manure with muck; and the urine goes directly upon the heap through augur holes. My neighbors and myself think we never saw nicer manure. Having several acres of almost fathomless muck, I have been felicitating myself with the idea, that I can, through the aid of swine, increase my stock of dressing almost indefinitely.

I have hitherto been unable to prevent my manure heaps (from horse and cow) *heating*, even with the urine of both; but have been obliged to pour all my sink and suds water, and many pails of water from the pump, on to it. I had flattered myself that my manure arrangements, as before named, were perfect, and shall regret to know that the labors of my hogs must be dispensed with. Yours respectfully, ———.

Dear Sir:—I am in receipt of your letter, making inquiry of me in reference to the statement of mine, that hogs should not be allowed to run on stable manure, and cheerfully give my reasons, hoping they will be the means of convincing you of an error in your method of manufacturing manure. I was aware, when I made that statement, that it would conflict with the practice of many successful farmers who have provided themselves with cellars to their barns, and am glad of an opportunity to pursue the subject further. Manure is of the greatest importance to the farmer, and its preparation and preservation should receive his first attention.

No manure in a green, raw state is suitable to apply directly to a plant, and if applied will do the plant no good, so long as it remains in that condition. It must be converted into a liquid or gaseous state, before it is food for the plant. The latter condition is acquired by heating, the other by leaching; but there is only a portion of green manure that is soluble in water. Hence all manure must be thoroughly decomposed before we receive its full benefit, and *should* be before it is applied. Hogs allowed to run on manure retard decomposition instead of accelerating it. In fact, no manure will become thoroughly decomposed, so long as anything is allowed to run on it and tread it down. It must be kept light, so that the air can permeate the whole heap.

If you should try the method of composting your horse manure, described in the article referred to in your letter, you will find that after it has laid a few weeks, it will have become perfectly fine; and the muck and manure will have become so thoroughly incorporated, that you will not readily distinguish one from the other. There will be no danger of its heating to excess.

With the manure from your cow, if you do not wish to manage in the way described in the article just referred to, you can throw your muck under the scuttles, where the droppings will be thrown upon it. The whole should then be worked over, mixed and pulverized, and left in a heap as light as possible to heat and decompose. By managing in this way you need not and should not by any means dispense with the labor of your hogs. They should be kept at work converting your muck into manure, without any assistance from a cow or horse. If you should be induced to adopt, by way of experiment, the method here described, you would find, that, instead of my advocating a method which will *reduce* the amount of manure, it will give you a *greater quantity* and a *better quality* of manure, than that method you are now pursuing.

Yours respectfully, Z. A. G.

Greene, June 18th, 1862.

For the Maine Farmer.

Practical Entomology---No. 6.

BY GEO. E. BRACKETT.

I will now return to the order Lepidoptera, and notice some of the principal moths in my collection. This order is composed of two great divisions, called diurnal and nocturnal Lepidoptera. The diurnal comprise the butterflies, and are known by always having their antenna clubbed at the extremity and fly by day, and the nocturnal comprise the moths and sphinges, and never have their antenna clubbed and fly principally by night.

Specimen 1st. (*Attacus Polyphemus.*) This moth is the largest in my collection, and is one of the largest varieties, measuring five inches across the expanded wings. It is of a dull ochre yellow, the wings clouded and striped with black and reddish yellow; there is a transparent eye-like spot encircled by a blackish ring, in both wings; those in the hind wings preceded by a large blue black spot and a dusky band across the margin of the wings. This specimen was obtained in June, in a grove of coniferous trees. Their caterpillars are said to live in the oak and elm, and are of a bluish green color. On account of its great size, this moth was named Polyphemus, from one of the giants of mythology, who is represented to have been a huge and cruel monster with only one eye in the middle of his forehead.

Specimen 2d. (*Attacus Luna.*) The Luna moth is a very beautiful insect, measuring nearly four and a half inches across the wings, which are of a delicate green color, very long tailed and with a reddish brown stripe running along the front edge of the fore wings; there is also a transparent eye-spot in the center of each wing. The body is covered with a kind of white wool, the antennæ are ochre yellow, and the legs purple brown. This specimen was found in July, in a grove of hard wood trees. The caterpillar is said to be of a bluish green color, striped on the side and back with yellow. At rest it is as thick as the thumb and two inches long; in motion, three inches long. Harris says it feeds on the walnut and hickory, but it must also feed on other trees here.

Specimen 3d. (*Clisiocampa Americana.*) The American tent caterpillar is well known in the larvæ state. This specimen was reared from the caterpillar; full particulars in regard to it may be found the in *Farmer*, No. 2, this volume. They are already (May 24th) making their tented abodes on the cherry and apple trees.

Specimen 4th. (*Sesia Pelasgus.*) The humming bird moths are often mistaken for humming birds. Its body is about an inch and a half long, and its wings, which are transparent, measure two and a half inches expanded. It is of a reddish brown color, tinged with green, red, and yellowish shades. They fly by day, and hover over flowers while sipping their sweets. This specimen was taken on the lilac blossoms, on which they may be found in great numbers and easily captured. They belong to the division called sphinges. Its caterpillar is somewhat like the large green worm with a horn on his tail and stripes down the sides, popularly known as the potato worm.

Specimen 5th. (*Arctia Arge.*) This tiger moth is a highly colored and beautiful specimen. It expands two inches, of a nankin red color; the fore wings striped, and the hind wings blotched with black, also black spots on the thorax and top of abdomen. It was captured in July. The caterpillar when grown is of a greyish black color, about an inch and a half long, and eats the leaves of plantains and other herbaceous plants.

Specimen 6th. (*Arctia Acræa.*) The salt marsh caterpillar, measuring two inches and a half expanded; wings pure white, spotted with black dots; body white with a band of ochre yellow across the middle of the abdomen, in which are black spots. In some sections of the seaboard this caterpillar is very troublesome and destructive. They are not entirely confined to the seaboard, for this specimen was found on the upland, four miles from the salt water.

Specimen 7th. (*Arctia Virginica.*) This is familiarly known by the name of the white miller. It expands an inch and a half; is white with a black dot in the center of the fore wings, and two in the hind ones, with a row on the top of the body. Its larva is called the yellow bear caterpillar, and is one of the most destructive and troublesome insects we have to contend with. It varies in color, but is mostly of a yellow shade, and are to be found from the first of June until October.

Specimen 8th. (*Apatela Americana.*) Expands about two and a quarter inches; body and fore wings of a light grey. It is one of a tribe called owlet moths, and flies only by night. Its larva or caterpillar is about two inches long, yellow above and black beneath, and lives on the leaves of the maple, elm, linden, &c.

For the Maine Farmer.

Tobacco for Cabbage Lice.

Mr. Editors:—I often hear the assertion that tobacco plants growing with cabbage will keep off the lice. How is it so? I for one am skeptical on that point, for I tried the experiment, and think the lice were more numerous than ever before. J. L. H.

Agricultural Miscellany.

Pastures, and the Summer Care of Stock.

In this argricultural district, it is not now, and probably never has been a question, whether cattle, either milk cows or feeders, should be shut up in pens, and *soiled*, as it is termed, or let run in the pasture fields, and thus suffered to provide for themselves. The practice here, throughout the county, is to turn out the cattle early in May; our graziers and dairymen, actuated as they are by a desire to carry on their particular business with profit, both as regards receipts and expenditures, could not anywhere—that is, among practical men—be induced to adopt the soiling system, so highly recommended by Josiah Quincy and some eastern agriculturists. The markets of Philadelphia have long been far famed for their supply of good butter; and as for the beef, the mutton, and the poultry, no markets in America have as yet excelled them, or, perhaps, ever equaled them. It is well known that the New York victuallers are in the weekly habit of visiting the Philadelphia markets, either personally or by their agents, for the purpose of supplying themselves with butter, poultry, lamb and veal; and the beeves fed in Chester, Delaware and Lancaster counties, when they appear in the New York cattle markets, from the demand for them, and their consequent high price for the most part fall into the hands of the best butchers in that city. It has been remarked, too, by victuallers who have visited the English markets, that not even in London is finer beef to be found than in the Philadelphia markets. How, then, is this excellence to be explained? The answer is, that the system here pursued is that which is best to produce it. And what, then, is that system? The answer to this is, that it approaches as near as possible to nature; the habit of the animal is understood by those upon whom his management devolves, and they practice upon it. Feeding stock and dairy cows are but seldom confined in stable, even in winter time, excepting at night; ample barnyards are provided, in which they may supple their limbs, and get air and exercise. Most farmers, however, are not quite content with this, but are in the daily habit, when the weather is fine, of turning out their stock into the fields during a part of the daytime, that they may enjoy their apparent freedom, and to be more contented on their return to the yards and stables at feeding time and at night. It is found that they eat with more appetite, and rest with more ease after they have enjoyed a roam in the fields. In Lancaster county, famous for its fine farms and fat grain-fed cattle, even during the time they are consuming corn meal, it is common to give them such exercise as they are willing to take in the fields adjoining the barn-yard and stables. Cattle thus treated are known from the increased action and development of their muscle, (which is the flesh or meat we all prefer for eating,) caused by exercise, to make the most delicious meat and gravy; it is known that beef from animals exercising moderately is marbled with fat, presenting a different aspect and flavor from that of stall-fed beeves. In these last, the fat, from want of action of the muscles, is not deposited among them, but on the surface of the meat. Such meat cannot be healthy.

Butchers who purchase fat cattle for the Philadelphia markets are well acquainted with the character of the farming districts whence they draw their cattle. Their experience has taught them not only that cattle from certain fertile grass-producing districts die better than those of the same outward appearance of weight and condition from other places, but they even prefer to purchase from favorite farms in these districts where the grass is better. Some of the first-class butchers cannot be persuaded to buy cattle from certain inferior farms. Puffed-up animals, from soft-grass or clover, though sleek looking to an inexperienced eye, would not pass muster alongside of one from Brandywine green grass. The soiling of animals may answer where it is desirable simply to keep life and body together, though then, the vigor of the animal is destroyed; but for any end, the teachings of nature should be heard. Exercise is essential for the proper development of the bones and muscles of young animals, as well as for that of their lungs and other viscera. As for the manure, it cannot admit of a doubt that manure from animals fed with green, soft herbage, such as is used generally in soiling animals, is but of little value, as compared with that of the dry food of the winter yard. Let any one notice the droppings from cattle pasturing on an old green-grass sod, a week after they have been deposited, and compare them with those left by cattle pastured on clover, or other soft pasture, and the latter will be found to have dried away to a mere scale, while the former will continue thick and solid almost as when dropped.

The most onerous duties of a farm, and those most trying to the good temper of the farmer, are such as are entailed by the necessity of keeping and feeding stock in the barn-yard during winter. All animals, when confined so as to require the care of man, are liable to accident, neglect and disease; and why any one should advocate a continuance of this troublesome duty beyond the winter months, when nature invites them out of doors, is incoceivable.—*Evans'* (*Pa.*) *Rural Economist.*

Cheap Cisterns.

In all soils where a hole may be dug, without the earth caving in at the sides, cisterns may be cheaply made in the following manner:

A cistern required to be ten feet in diameter, should have a hole, for the first eighteen inches of its depth, twelve feet diameter, and beyond this, ten feet, thus leaving a curb of earth of one foot surrounding the cistern. When the hole is excavated, the bottom and sides should be coated with a magma made of Rosendale Cement and water, of about the thickness of cream; this may be put on with a whitewash brush; the watery portions will sink into the soil, leaving a coating of cement on the surface; to this we may apply, with a trowel, to the thickness of one or two inches, a mortar, made of one part Rosendale Cement, and two parts of sand; the sand should be cleaned free from lime, and well washed before its use. This mortar may be of such consistency as to be readily applied and smoothed with an ordinary ceiling trowel, and should evenly cover the sides and bottom. When a pump is intended to be introduced, one large flat stone should be placed on the bottom, on which the pump may rest. And if set at eighteen inches below, the surface should be covered with a tier of brick, well laid in the same cement which forms the cistern. On this may rest a frame and flooring, or a brick arch may be sprung upon it.

Rosendale cement is now sold in a finished state, finely ground, at $1.12 a bushel, and the expense of building a cistern in the way we have named, is much less than any other method. When once set and hard, its circular form defies the outward pressure of the soil. We have known such cisterns to last for a greater number of years than the best wooden cistern.

In soils which are so sandy as not to permit the entire cistern to be dug at one time without a shelter, build a cistern loosely of wood, place it on the surface of the ground, without a bottom, and with only a rim surrounding its lower edge, and loaded with stone; then dig out the soil from the inside, passing it over the top, and permitting the cistern to settle until at the proper depth; then pour in a grouting between this wooden cylinder and the outer soil, of Rosendale Cement, mixed very thin with water. This will fill up all the interstices, and will help to give strength to the cistern, and if the soil should not lean against the cistern, but permit the magma to settle with the soil, this outer coating will form a perfect cement coating. The bottom may then be cemented with one part Rosendale Cement, mixed with two parts of sand in the manner recommended above.—*Working Farmer.*

Manure for Grasses.

A thick carpet of such fine grasses as are seen in our old and rich lawns is one of the most beautiful sights that can meet the eye. The great variety of species which are found in the best pastures flourish on the same spots for centuries, and often grow without much or any care bestowed upon them by man. It is, generally speaking, only first or second class-land that yields good permanent pastures. All the best and most nutritive grasses soon die out when the soil is poor and unsuitable. This in many cases does not seem to arise so much from an actual deficiency of nutritive matters as from a certain condition of soil which does not maintain the roots in a healthy state. On a great many descriptions of land the application of lime has a wonderful effect in lending vigor to worthless and worn-out soils when all other applications have comparatively little. One of the functions of this agent appears to assist in the healthy decomposition of the accumulating vegetable matter.

When inferior pastures arise from an actual deficient supply of mineral matters, such as phosphate of lime, the application of bones is well known to produce favorable results. The use of bones has been the right arm in increasing the productive powers of our rotation pastures, though, for obvious reasons, the effects are now usually much less marked on these than on turnips.

In the manuring of grasses and of turnips with phosphates a few well-marked characteristics of these crops ought to be kept in mind as guides to the economical use of the substance. The grasses in an old pasture-field, or even those of the young layers of any of our rotations, have an ample staff of roots running through the soil. These are already in contact with the earthy food of plants, and can much more easily take up what they require than a plant like the turnip, which has all its roots to form, must grow fast and meet with a corresponding liberal supply. This is the secret of the magical effects which a dressing of superphosphate often has upon young turnips.—We have sometimes to dress liberally with phosphates or superphosphates for the turnips, even when there is abundance of the fertilizing ingredient, to which they owe their efficacy already in the land.

It is quite different with our grasses, natural or artificial. By the permanent mass of roots which they leave in the soil they can grow luxuriantly when the supply of phosphates is much more scanty. For this reason it is seldom that phosphates or superphosphates can be economically used either for pasture or for hay, where the land is under a regular rotation. What of these substances remain, after the demands and succeeding white crop have been satisfied, are usually far more than sufficient to produce full crops of grass if nitrogenous manures are only used.

For these reasons there is scarcely any crop to which nitrates or manures containing ammonia can be used with greater certainty than to grasses. Their roots being thickly studded over the land, readily absorb these soluble manures when broadcast over the surface. The very fact of rapid growth succeeding such application shows that the plants are obtaining a supply of the earthy matter they require.

Blue Flowers.

Good blue flowers are much in demand at all times for boquets, but the number of plants with flowers of this color is quite limited, particularly among the annuals. In herbaceous plants, some of our best blue flowers are found, especially among the Delphiniums.

In the class of herbaceous plants the following are some of those which have blue flowers:

Aconitum or Monkshood.
Campanula or Bellflower.
Tradescantia or Spiderwort.
Baptisia australis.
Iris.
Veronica azurea.
Funkia cerulea, or blue day lily.

The finest blue flowers are to be found in the Delphiniums, one of the best of which is D. formosum. D. Hendersonii is also a very excellent variety. There is a double variety with deep blue flowers, of great value for use in boquets.

Of bedding plants there is the Ageratum Mexicanum, bearing a profusion of light blue flowers through the season. There are also Verbenas bearing blue flowers, some of them being fragrant.

In annuals, Anagallis or Indian pimpernel, has a pretty little flower. The plant is a dwarf trailer. Browallia clata is a tender annual, bearing an abundance of bright blue flowers for several months. Some of the Asters of this color are very beautiful. That delicate and beautiful little plant Lobelia speciosa, should by no means be forgotten, as it is one of the prettiest dwarf trailing plants we have, and is very profuse in bloom. Most of the Lupins bear blue flowers. Whitlavia grandiflora is an elegant little annual, with beautiful little bell shaped flowers of a rich, dark blue.

The modest little forget-me-not must not be forgotten in this list, as it should find a place in every garden.

Pomological Terms Explained.

The *American Fruit Culturist* gives the following explanation of Pomological Terms:

Alburnum—The sap-wood, as distinguished from the heart-wood.
Boader—Artificial bed of enriched earth.
Callus—Ring or swollen portion formed at the base of a cutting, by the descending cambium.
Cambium—The soft wood, newly forming beneath the bark.
Canes—Long, bearing shoots; applied to grapes and raspberries.
Clipping—Trimming down to some definite shape.
Coxcomb—Applied to the form of strawberries when much compressed at the sides.
Crenate—Notched or cut around like rounded or blunt saw-teeth.
Dwarfs—Trees made diminutive by grafting or budding upon stocks of small growth.
Espalier—A tree trained flat upon a trellis.
En quenouille—Training to produce fruitfulness, by tying the branches downwards.
Fibrous roots—The smaller, branching, or thread-like roots.
Forcing—The early ripening of fruits by artificial heat under glass.
Fore right shoot—The terminal shoot of a branch.
Head back—To cut off the limbs of a tree part way down.
Lay in—Applied to selecting and fastening to a trellis or wall, new branches or shoots.
Lay in by the heels—To bury the roots of trees temporarily in a trench.
Leading shoot—The longest or main shoot of a limb or tree.

Feeding Oats to Horses.

The same quantity of oats given to a horse produces different effects according to the time they are administered. I have made experiments on my horses, and have always observed there is in the dung a quantity of oats not digested when I purposely gave them water after a feed of oats. There is, then, decidedly a great advantage in giving horses water before corn. There is another bad habit, that of giving corn and hay on their return to the stable after hard work. Being very hungry, they devour it eagerly and do not masticate; the consequence is, it is not so well digested and not nearly so nutritious. When a horse returns from work, perspiring and out of breath, he should be allowed to rest for a time, then giving a little hay, a half an hour afterward water, then oats. By this plan water may be given without risk of cold, as the oats act as a stimulant.—*Journal d'Agriculture.*

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Thursday, June 26, 1862.

Notice.

Mr. James Sturgis, agent for the *Farmer* will call upon subscribers in Franklin County.

Mr. S. N. Taber will call upon subscribers in Penobscot county.

STATE OF MAINE.

HEAD QUARTERS.
ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,
Augusta, June 20th, 1862.

GENERAL ORDER No. 15.

The Governor and Commander-in-Chief directs that, all soldiers belonging to Maine, at home on furlough or otherwise, not having been discharged from service, will report themselves in person or by letter to the Adjutant General at Augusta forthwith.

All such persons, except those whose furloughs have not expired, who fail to report themselves immediately, will be liable to be treated as deserters.

All officers of Maine Regiments or companies, except those on parole, now absent from duty, will be considered by the War Department, as "absent without leave," unless they report in person at their respective commands immediately, or their absence is duly authorized by orders from the Adjutant General of the United States, which order must be based upon a certificate which the Paymaster will require before payment is made thereon.

All invalid and wounded officers of Maine, who are able to travel, although their disability may not have been removed, will immediately report in person to the General Commanding the camp of Instruction at Annapolis, Maryland, and thence proceed to their commands, or remain at that post until an Examining Board shall decide upon their ability to return to duty.

The foregoing is in pursuance of orders from the War Department at Washington, and its requirements must not be neglected.

By Order of the Commander-in-Chief.
JOHN L. HODSDON, Adjutant General.

Petroleum Oil.

It is hardly five years since the people were not a little astonished by an announcement that out in Ohio, and also some other western sections, wells had been dug from which was obtained in vast quantities, a kind of oil used for illuminating purposes. Here, this oil was then unknown, but on the banks of the Alleghany, where it was first obtained from an Artesian well, it had previously been obtained in limited quantities, for medicinal purposes. And now, although we hear less about these oil wells than formerly, they continue to pour out as profusely as ever, and should the supply continue for five years longer, it will be the sole burning fluid in use to any extent. It may not, as some have conjectured, take the place of gas in our cities;—for gas makes the most beautiful light in the world; it is neat, safe, and can be used with little annoyance, and most people will use it, even at a cost four times as great as kerosene or petroleum oils;—but for all other illuminating purposes the latter will eventually be the only light used.

The belts or veins from which this oil is obtained are three in number. The reservoirs or internal channels of only one of these belts have as yet been tapped, and those only at a few places. This belt which is now being worked, extends from the Gulf of Mexico to Canada, following the line of mountains, and may be drawn forth for a long distance on each side, in the States of Alabama, Tennessee, Kentucky, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Ohio, and so on to the northward. Another oil belt extends from Texas through Kansas to the Mississippi, having a wide range running through Kansas to the Rocky Mountains. Upon the Pacific coast there is also a belt which begins at or near San Diego, and proceeds on through Los Angelos to Upper California. This oil is now produced so cheaply that it is exported in large quantities to South America, Europe, Africa, Australia;—indeed the whole civilized world seems to be turning to our country for light.

Within a year or so, a considerable number of accidents have resulted from its use, and we notice that several insurance companies, regarding the danger from explosions and fire, occasioned by its use as increasing, have taken action upon the matter. The danger of explosion resulting from its use is comparatively small, as only about one twentieth part of it is liable to explode; this is called naphtha. The main body of it will not ignite, except from a flame, and on this account it is entirely different from camphene, burning fluid and like substances. Petroleum will extinguish fire when turned upon it if there is no blaze. But we infer from the very general and extensive use which this oil has, that this possible liability to explosion is not regarded as a very serious obstacle to its use. There are other articles from which spontaneous combustion is produced, and which are in general use, and far more dangerous than petroleum. However, care is necessary in handling it, and filling lamps when near a light, &c., should be avoided.

The discovery of petroleum oil, is one of the most wonderful and important events of the age. At a time when sperm oil was becoming scarce, in consequence of the failure of the whale fisheries, with an ever anxious demand for light, but with nothing at hand to supply that demand, at even a moderate price, the discovery of petroleum was made; and now it is sold upon the grounds where it is drawn from the wells, at a price not higher than twenty cents per gallon. In all probability, the products of the various wells, during the first half of the present year—ending with June—will exceed three millions of gallons.

In the discovery of this single article, we have another proof of the vastness and wonderful character of the resources of nature. When we think how much has been achieved in the past, and imagine that there is but little more to be discovered or accomplished, let us stop a moment and reflect upon *how little* we really know of this earth upon which we live. Why, we are yet standing at the door of that science which teaches us the character and formation of our globe. The people of the next generation will have scarcely passed the threshold, while ages hence they will but have entered the outer courts, with the rich and varied treasures of the great interior laboratory to be viewed in the distant future.

☞ The discovery of mineral springs seems to be a favorite employment just now, with the people of Bethel, Norway and Paris. Several new ones have recently been discovered in these towns. The *Oxford Democrat* says the one at Pike's Hill, in Norway, has been put in order for use. The proprietor has blasted the ledge so as to make a fine reservoir of rock, through which the water flows to the surface.

Destructive Fire. A heavy fire occurred at Damariscotta Mills, on Monday night of last week. It broke out about nine o'clock, and before being subdued had destroyed seven buildings, viz: three dwelling houses, Thomas Boyd's store, dwelling house and barn, and the store of Joseph L. Haines. The amount of damages we have not learned.

☞ The attention of farmers is directed to the advertisement of Woods' Mower, contained in this week's issue. This machine has been before the public for a long time, and its reputation as a durable, light, and efficient machine is well established. Those about purchasing would do well to give Wood's a trial.

☞ Dr. Calvin Seavy of Bangor, has recently donated $1000 to the Maine Medical School, at Brunswick.

The War News of the Week.

Nearly the entire interest of the war now centers at Richmond. The recent intelligence from Gen. McClellan's army shows most gratifying progress in the work of investing the city. Sufficient reinforcements have been received to make its capture, when the time comes for the final assault, a sure thing. A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press*, writing from General McClellan's head-quarters, under date June 18th, gives the following idea of the condition and progress of affairs on the Chickahominy:

"I write to-night with better spirit than I have done for weeks. There is an indication that Richmond is being surrounded closer and closer, and though its fall need not be anticipated for some time, yet living there is fast becoming a dangerous thing for its citizens. Tuesday afternoon the center of this army pushed forward, and Gen. McClellan moved his headquarters across the Chickahominy, and now lies within five miles of Richmond, his advanced posts at that point being much closer. To-night, when I write, more than four-fifths of his force is across the river, and had not an unexpected event countermanded the order, daylight to-morrow would have found the remaining fifth safely crossing.

Yesterday and to-day bridge building was carried on on the most extensive scale. Thousands of wood choppers plied their axes in the forest near the river, and hundreds of teams conveyed the logs to the edge of the swamp. Workmen laid them and sharpshooters stood ready to pick off rebels wandering with villainous intent upon the opposite shore. Cannon were mounted on hill, and any one not knowing the plans of our crafty Commander-in-Chief would have imagined that, through thick and thin, we were to cross the river at these points and fight our way, past battery and breastwork, to the top of the rebel hill.

This extensive bridge-building is all a feint, the crossing places of the right wing being now, as they have been for two weeks, in perfectly good condition and out of reach from rebel guns.

The details I shall not give, but the idea is that the entire right wing shall march to the left under cover of the woods, cross behind the centre, and with its left flank resting upon the river encamp behind breastworks, thus effectually securing the position."

From rebel sources we learn brief accounts of a bloody battle on Monday, the 16th inst., at Charleston, continuing the entire day, with heavy loss on both sides. The Charleston *Mercury* expresses apprehensions for the safety of the city, and it is thought that the gunboats have cut off the retreat of the main body of the rebel forces from James Island, leaving Charleston undefended. It was expected the battle would be renewed the next day with decisive results.

Another brilliant success has been achieved by our gunboats and land forces at St. Charles, Arkansas, about eighty miles from the mouth of the White River, which empties into the Mississippi, about midway between Memphis and Vicksburg. The affair was attended by a sad loss of life during the attack of the gunboats upon the batteries, a ball from a siege gun on shore passed through the steam drum of the flag-ship Mound City, terribly scalding the officers and crew, only 23 out of 175 escaping injury—and from 80 to 100 losing their lives. Capt. Kelty, in command of the fleet was severely scalded, but is expected to recover. The batteries were finally carried at the point of the bayonet by our troops, led by Col. Fitch, in the most gallant manner, and with but trifling loss. Over 150 of the enemy are reported killed and wounded, and 30 prisoners.

Col. Ellett who led the ram fleet in the attack upon the enemy's gunboats, on the Mississippi resulting in the destroying and in the surrender of Memphis, died on the 21st inst., of wounds received in the engagement.

The report of the capture of Fort Morgan, published by us last week, proves to be untrue. The defences of Mobile are being strengthened, and it is reported that a large portion of Beauregard's army have been sent thither.

The Season. An interception of the drouth, which has been so severe and long protracted, occurred on Wednesday of last week. It commenced raining about 5 P. M., and continued with but little cessation until 12 at night. The rain came down gradually and steady, and was received by the parched and thirsty earth with every sign of joyfulness and exultation. Again on Thursday afternoon and evening, we were favored with a heavy shower, accompanied with considerable thunder. The day following another shower came, so that last week was truly a week of blessings. "Behold, I will give you rain in due season, and the earth shall yield her increase, and the trees of the field shall yield their fruits." How extended these rains were, we are unable to tell, but we judge them to have been quite wide spread.

The new impetus given to all kinds of vegetation by the timely showers is very marked; and if we are now favored with frequent rains, we may be sure of ample crops. New grass in most sections looks well, it is only the old fields that appear to have suffered most.

It is not too late to admonish our farmers to put in a liberal supply of fodder corn. Planted now on good soil, it will attain a considerable growth and furnish a great help to the rather short yield of hay which will be harvested in many parts of the State.

Strawberries have been in the market for more than a week.

The Slave Confiscation Bill. A bill passed the House of Representatives on Tuesday, 17th inst., by a vote of 82 to 54, designating six classes of rebels—officers of various kinds, and persons being willfully engaged in the rebellion who shall not lay down their arms in sixty days after the passage of this act—whose slaves shall be liable to confiscation. The bill also disqualifies the said six classes from holding office under the United States Government. The President is authorized to negotiate for the acquisition, by treaty or otherwise, of lands or countries in Mexico, Central America or South America, or in the islands in the Gulf of Mexico, or for the right of settlement upon the lands of said countries for all persons liberated under this act, to be removed with their own consent. For the purpose of paying the expense of the purchase of lands and the removal, the President shall use such money as Congress may from time to time direct, arising out of the sales of the property formerly owned by rebels and which shall have been confiscated to the use of the United States.

☞ We have received a pamphlet copy of a speech delivered on the 24th of May in the House of Representatives, by Hon. J. H. Rice of Maine. It is an able and eloquent argument for the confiscation of the property and emancipation of the slaves of rebels and traitors. He takes the ground—sustained alike by common law and common sense—that those who have causelessly raised their disloyal hands against the government and involved their country in a bloody and desolating conflict, should be made to pay the penalty of their treason both in their persons and in their property. The tender-footed policy urged by some, which would shield the rebels from just punishment, under the plea of want of constitutional power, or the hope of conciliating them, is characterized and denounced in strong and fitting terms. The speech both in style and substance, is worthy of a representative of Maine, and its doctrine will be cordially endorsed by his constituents.

☞ The coupon suit bought by the Augusta Bank some two years since against the city of Augusta, has been decided in favor of the plaintiff. The *Age* states that this decision amounts merely to a form; for the claims were bought up some time ago by parties interested in the railroad, (the Kennebec & Portland, in whose favor the scrip was issued) and the whole affair was thereby practically settled.

The Canadian Reciprocity Treaty. This treaty it is well know, was negociated by Lord Elgin and Secretary Marcy, June 5th, 1854, and was to extend over a period of ten years, and further if agreed thereto by either of the contracting parties. The schedule embraced certain articles which should be admitted free of duty into each country, among which were grain, flour, breadstuffs, and all kinds of lumber. Heretofore, the discussion of the principles of this treaty in Congress and elsewhere, has pre-supposed that it largely increased our trade with the Provinces. The returns show our exports for the year ending June 30, 1854, (the treaty was ratified July 5th,) to have been $24,566,860. It was thought by the friends of the treaty that in a few years our trade would amount to forty millions per annum. But unfortunately the result has been far different. From the speech of Hon. F. A. Pike, recently delivered in the House of Representatives, upon the conditions of this treaty, and the effect it has had upon the interests which called it into existence, we take the following table showing the trade between the United States and British North America, from 1827 to 1861, which definately settles the questions involved:

Year ending June 30.	Import.	Exports.	Total.
1827,	$440,000	$2,704,014	$3,149,014
1849,	2,826,890	5,632,108	8,494,988
1854,	8,927,560	25,566,660	33,494,220
1855,	15,136,734	27,906,020	43,042,754
1856,	21,310,421	29,029,349	50,389,870
1857,	22,124,296	24,762,482	46,386,776
1858,	15,866,510	23,651,727	39,458,246
1859,	19,727,551	28,154,174	47,881,725
1860,	23,851,381	22,706,328	46,557,709
1861,	23,662,933	22,745,613	45,808,546

This shows that we buy more and sell less year by year, until now, for the first time in our history, the balance of trade is against us. The matter of this treaty has engaged considerable attention, and Mr. Pike's speech, which adds another document to the already long list of papers relating to it, is an able and understanding review of the practical workings of the treaty.

To Returned Maine Soldiers. It is necessary that all soldiers belonging to regiments from this State, who are absent therefrom, should report themselves personally or by letter to Maj. J. W. T. Gardiner, the United States' Military Commander, in this city. If made by letter they should in all cases give full particulars, as to their regiment, company, residence and Post Office address. Ration money now due to prisoners will be paid at any time, on personal application. As yet there have been no orders received about the payment of sick men; but such should report in order that their descriptive list may be obtained, and if necessary they can be discharged.

In all cases the men should report in person, when paid, and Major Gardiner will give due notice to each soldier when to appear, after arrangements for payment have been made, and furnish passes to Augusta. By attending to these directions, the soldiers will avoid the expense of employing agents. Sick soldiers can be taken care of at the Hospital in Augusta, without expense to themselves.

Eckington Military Hospital near Washington. We have received a communication from a member of Company E, 1st Maine Cavalry—whose name we withhold—in which he alludes to matters connected with the management of the hospital which deserves the attention of the authorities. The writer speaks in high terms of Dr. Barkey, the attending physician, but says it is too often the case that young and inexperienced doctors are put in care of a large number of sick and wounded soldiers, apparently caring but little whether they receive any attention or not. He states that as soon as the men are convalescent they are subjected to indignities, and for indulging in amusement or sports of any kind are often confined in the guard house for days, and kept on nothing but bread and water. There has not been a day during his confinement in the hospital that the full rations as allowed by government, were received by them; and boxes from home containing luxuries would always be retained to grace the table of the matron. It is a matter which demands the immediate attention of the Sanitary Department, and we hope it will not be long ere such complaints will be an unheard of occurrence.

☞ The well-known and eminent lawyer, Hon. Pierre Soule, was recently arrested in New Orleans by order of Gen. Butler, and has been sent to Fort Lafayette. The charges against him are, first, that he is the leader of a secret society known as the "Southern Independence Association," of which each member is solemnly sworn to oppose, at the cost of his life if necessary, the re-construction of the old Union, no matter what disaster may befall the Confederate cause, and to aid by armed force if required, the Confederate government in carrying out its laws for the confiscation of the property of Union men, and in the detection and punishment or expulsion of people whom they may regard as spies. The second charge is that Mr. Soule was the author of the insolent letter sent by the late Mayor to Commodore Farragut, and is the principal supporter of the rebellion in the city.

Maj. Cilley. We are glad to learn that information has been received through Col. Allen, of the Cavalry, under date of June 9th, in which he states that he had just returned from a visit to Maj. Cilley at Middleton, and found him very comfortable. His right arm was severed near the shoulder by a shell exploding and striking him while in his saddle, in the village of Middleton. He has the best of care, and Surgeon Haley says he will be able to start for home in about two weeks.

☞ The funeral of Capt. Edwin M. Smith of Wiscasset—late of Gen. Kearney's staff—took place at that town on Thursday last. It was estimated that nearly six thousand persons were present, including many civil and military officers, among whom were Adjutant General Hodsdon, and Col. Harding of this city. Three military companies with bands, were in attendance. Masonic ceremonies were held at the grave, and the burial services are said to have been the most impressive ever witnessed in this State.

Sixteenth Regiment. About 130 recruits for this regiment are now upon the grounds of the regiment near the State House in this city. From the returns made to the Colonel, on Friday last, there are about 300 already recruited at the different stations throughout the State, and the work of enlistment is progressing favorably.

☞ A daughter, aged ten years, of W. M. Meehan, of Boston, while at Gorham, Me., recently, was so badly burned by the breaking of a fluid lamp and her clothes taking fire, that she died after the most intense suffering for six hours. She is said to have been a remarkably beautiful and promising girl.

The Fourth is close at hand, and we are not aware that any measures have been taken by our authorities towards making remembrance of the day. Augusta should not surely be behind her sister cities in this respect. Cannot something be done, even at this late hour?

☞ The General Conference of Congregational Churches of Maine holds its three days annual session in Portland this week, commencing on Tuesday, at 10 o'clock A. M.

☞ The Maine Universalist Convention meets in Bath the present week. The session will continue three days, viz., Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday.

☞ Dr. J. S. Houghton, Assistant Surgeon of the 8th regiment, is now at home on account of ill health. He will doubtless be compelled to resign.

An Important Order. Quite a number of soldiers are now absent from their regiments under the plea of sickness, or having furloughs entitling them to visit their families, &c. Many of this class, apparently well and able-bodied are lounging about in our cities, drinking bad whisky and imposing upon the patriotic credulity of people with stories of hardship, exposure and battle. For the benefit of these and others a general order has been issued stating that furloughs will not be given by captains of companies, or a furlough from such authority will not relieve a soldier from the charge of desertion. Enlisted men absent from their regiments without proper authority are in fact deserters, and not only forfeit all pay and allowances, but are subjected to the penalties awarded by law to such offenders. No plea of sickness, or other cause not officially established, and no certificate of a physician in civil life, unless it be approved by some officer acting as a military commander, will hereafter avail to remove the charge of desertion, or procure arrears of pay when a soldier has been mustered as absent from his regiment without leave.

In this connection we would call attention to the General Order issued by Adjutant General Hodsdon, to be found in another column. The evil which it is designed to correct is a seriously increasing one, and should be met by the most stringent disciplinary means within the power of the Government. There is reason to believe that a large number of soldiers are now absent from their regiments, on the pretense of sickness, and drawing their monthly pay and rations, who are in good health and strength and perfectly well fitted for duty. A just distinction should be made between men of this class and those who return home disabled by wounds or permanently broken in health. The latter will receive, and are honorably worthy of the sympathy and gratitude of their countrymen—while the former should be regarded as cowardly skulkers from the ranks, and be treated accordingly.

Accident to the Maine Sharpshooters.—Jacob McClure, at present commanding the Maine Sharpshooters, writes to the Rockland *Democrat* that on the 31st ult., his company left Manassas Junction for Front Royal, by way of Manassas Gap Railroad. Early on the following morning the train on which they were being conveyed, was run into by another train, causing a most serious accident which resulted in the following list of casualties to his company:

Sanford S. Bartlett was killed instantly. His relatives live in Augusta. Reuben Chandler, wounded and not expected to live. Resided in Portland. Luther G. Davis, do., do. William H. Young, wounded, but will live. James F. Salley, do., do. W. A. Smith, slightly wounded. Edwin P. Morse, not considered dangerous. Rufus T. Hall, do. Arthur W. Tucker, do. James A. Stevens, do. F. H. Tucker, do. Richard Boynton, considered dangerous. Maxcy Hamlin, do. George Roberts, John B. Allen, J. A. T. Bird, Leonard P. Mann, Josiah Gray, Albion K. P. Morey, Samuel W. Scofield, Nelson P. Maddocks, Stillman M. Emerson, all reported not dangerous.

Freedom in the Territories. A bill has passed both Houses of Congress, and only awaits the signature of the President to become a law, establishing freedom forever in all the territories of the United States, and in those which may hereafter be acquired. The bill is in the following terms:

"To the end that freedom may be and remain forever the fundamental law of the land in all places whatsoever, so far as it lies within the power or depends upon the action of the government of the United States to make it so, therefore,

Be it enacted, &c., That from and after the passage of this act there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in any of the territories of the United States now existing, or which may at any time hereafter be formed or acquired by the United States, otherwise than in punishment of crimes whereof the party shall have been duly convicted."

An Engine of War. Mr. J. H. Williams, of Skowhegan, says the *Clarion*, has invented a machine which has the capacity of discharging a Minie ball a second, and will continue to throw them for an indefinite period. It is so constructed that it can easily be pointed in any direction, and when managed by two men, will be equal in effectiveness to two hundred men armed with rifles. It is the intention of Mr. Williams to obtain a patent for the machine, which the *Clarion* man says, "will prove one of the most destructive engines of war that has ever yet been invented."

☞ A good story is told by the *Journal*, about Lieut. Hill, Acting Quartermaster of the Maine Cavalry in Bank's Division. He was captured—together with his teams—by the rebels; and as he was seated upon the wagon, with true Yankee curiosity was anxious to know what there was in the wagon. After searching for some time he found a loaded revolver, with which, jumping from the team, shot his guard, took his horse and recapturing his own and some other teams, he drove back to the Federal lines.

☞ the first number of the Portland *Daily Press* appeared on Monday last. It is published by N. A. Foster & Co., and edited by J. T. Gilman and Jos. B. Hall, both gentlemen of ability and well known throughout the State. That they will make the *Press* a journal of vigor and ability we have no doubt. They have our good wishes for success.

☞ The Eastern Queen, has commenced her regular trips between Hallowell and Boston. She leaves Hallowell on Mondays and Thursdays, returning on Tuesdays and Fridays. The small steamer will convey passengers and freight from this city to Hallowell to connect with the Queen, free of charge.

Illness of Gen. Jameson. A dispatch from Washington, announces that Brigadier General Jameson, late Colonel of the Second Maine, is there, dangerously ill from disease contracted by severe duty and exposure. His friends have gone on, and if the General is not too much prostrated he will return home at once.

☞ The subject of uniting the provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick is now under consideration by the interested parties, and opinions favorable to the measure have been strongly advanced. If united the two provinces would comprise an area of thirty million acres, with a population of 580,000.

☞ The People's Convention for the nomination of a candidate for Governor will meet in Bangor on Wednesday of this week. We are not in any of the secrets of political parties, but we have heard it whispered that Hon. Wm. P. Harris, of Biddeford, will in all probability receive the nomination of the Convention.

Coleman's American Solder. This is a new article for the purpose of mending broken china, alabaster, glass ware, marble, wood of all kinds, furniture, &c. It is also unequalled for mending belts and roll colts. From its convenience and utility it will be a valuable article in every family. For sale in this city by Dyer & Cony.

☞ The centennial anniversary of the organization of the town of Windham, (July 5, 1762,) is to be celebrated on the approaching Fourth. Gov. Andrew of Mass., a native of Windham, is to give the address.

☞ A grain elevator, is being constructed by A. T. Galt, Esq., late Minister of France, for Canada, on his dock near the Grand Trunk R. R. depot in Portland. The store-house attached to it is calculated to hold 130,000 bushels of grain.

☞ Diptheria is yet prevailing to an alarming extent in Franklin County. Among the recent deaths in Farmington, is Lieut. E. G. Craig, aged 34 years. He was buried under military escort.

Care of Sick Soldiers. We copy below a paragraph from an article in the *American Medical Times* of June 14, on the disposal and care of sick and wounded soldiers, which we commend to the attention of our State officials. We have many unfilled hospitals, and other buildings serving no purpose, which are situated in different parts of the State, where our sick soldiers could be placed and made comfortable, by being in their native climate and receiving good care. Let the suggestions contained below, be heeded:

"The proper disposal of the sick and wounded soldiers of the armies of the seaboard has become, as we foresaw it would, a most important question. The hospitals at Yorktown, Fortress Monroe, Washington, Philadelphia and New York, are crowded, but the influx is on the increase. On Saturday last, the steamer C. Vanderbilt brought into this harbor six hundred and fifty wounded, a sufficient number to fill a hospital of reasonable dimensions. We are now in great danger of crowding the hospitals already opened, to excess. It were better to place patients in tents in the open fields. It is quite evident that the large cities of the seaboard are soon to be surrounded by hospitals, and that the sympathies of the citizens will be overtaxed by the constant and excessive draught made upon them. The proper method of meeting the exigency is to distribute the sick and wounded more widely than has yet been done. Instead of congregating them in large cities, they should be distributed in all our northern towns accessible to transports, care being taken to locate them, as far as possible, in the States from which they were enlisted. We can mention fifty towns, and probably more, where transports could discharge the sick directly at the door of the extemporized hospital. If each of these towns should receive three hundred patients, the total number provided with accommodations, would be fifteen thousand. The advantages of this distribution of disabled soldiers would be very great. The sick would be in their native climate, and surrounded with associations tending to promote cheerfulness and health. The open country, where such structures would be placed, would be greatly preferable to city hospitals. The local community would take delight in bestowing their gifts personally upon the soldiers, and the supply of those delicacies for which the sick so frequently make inquiry, would be abundant. The medical aid would be spontaneous—equal to any emergency. Let us have a small hospital at every considerable town on the seaboard, from the Chesapeake to St. Johns."

From the 8th Maine. The *Advertiser* publishes a letter from Col. Rust of the 8th Maine, together with a report from the Sergeant Major of the regiment, which gives an account of extra labor, aside from the usual regimental duties which all regiments are called to perform, which has been done by the regiment from the time it first landed on Hilton Head, S. C., November 8th, 1861, to May 20, 1862, a period of a little over six months. It shows an amount of *extra work* performed which we venture to say has not been accomplished by any other regiment in the service. At no time since it was mustered into service has it numbered more than seven hundred effective men. The following is the labor performed at Hilton Head, S. C.:

"Employed in the Engineer's Department, throwing up breastworks, mounting and dismounting guns, &c., No. of days 4,694.

Employed as carpenters, building barracks, repairing vessels, &c., No. of days, 1,999.

Employed in the Ordnance, Quartermaster and Commissary Departments, &c., No. of days, 1,866.

The following is the labor performed on the Savannah river:

Employed on Dawfuskie, Bird and Jones' Islands, building batteries, &c., No. of days, 1,091.

The following is the labor performed on Tybee Island, Georgia:

Employed in building batteries, lugging shot and shell, &c., No. of days, 3,222.

Manning batteries, during the bombardment of Fort Pulaski, No. of days, 100.

The above specified labor is that only recorded in the Regimental order books, so that the amount of labor performed by verbal orders would probably amount to 4,500 days.

The eight items given in the preceding make a total amount of extra days of labor performed by the 8th Regiment of 17,472."

Military Appointments. The following appointments have been recently made by Gov. Washburn:

Wm. R. Currier, Brewer, Capt. Co. C, 2d regiment, vice Morrill, resigned. John S. Moore, Gardiner, Capt. Co. C, 3d regiment, vice Andrews, resigned. Henry P. Worcester, Gardiner, 1st Lieut. Co. C, 3d regiment, vice Moore, promoted. Thos. J. Noyes, Gardiner, 2d Lieut Co. C, 3d regiment, vice Worcester, promoted. John L. Ham, Lewiston, 1st Lieut. Co. C, 13th regiment, vice Whiting, resigned. Augustus C. Myrick, Troy, 2d Lieut. Co. C, 13th regiment, vice Ham, promoted. Wm. E. Simmons, 2d Lieut. Co. I, 13th regiment, vice Cushing, resigned. Elward H. Wilson, Lieutenant and Adjutant of 13th regiment, vice Speed, promoted. Aaron Ring, Westbrook, Quartermaster of 13th regiment, vice Stinson, promoted. Samuel G. Sewall, Augusta, 1st Lieut. Co. F, 11th regiment, vice Beal, resigned. Thos. A. Brann, Gardiner, 2d Lieut. Co. F, 11th regiment, vice Sewall, promoted. Harrison Hume, Robbinston, Lieutenant and Adjutant of 13th regiment, vice Pennell, resigned. Geo. R. Weymouth, Bancroft, 2d Lieut. Co. I, 11th regiment, vice Hume, promoted. Geo. W. Seavey, East Machias, Capt. Co. C, 11th regiment, vice Campbell, promoted. Edgar A. Nichols, Cherryfield, 1st Lieut. Co. C, 11th regiment, vice Seavey, promoted. Lemuel E. Newcomb, East Machias, 2d Lieut. Co. E, 11th regiment, vice West, resigned. Samuel Gould, Jr., Dexter, 2d Lieut. Co. E, 8th regiment, vice Phillips, resigned. Charles W. Tilden, of Castine, Capt. of Co. B, 2d regiment, to be Lieut. Col. of the 16th regiment.

Third Maine. Rev. Mr. Leonard, Chaplain of the 3d Maine, in a letter to the *Banner*, thus speaks of the bravery and gallant conduct of his regiment:

"All tongues are praising the bravery and intrepidity of the brigade, and especially the stoutness and vehemence of the Northmen from Maine in the Third and Fourth regiments in the late battle. Said Gen. Kearney to Col. Ward, (who was commander of the brigade in the time of action,) 'The Brigade have done nobly, sir, and the Third and Fourth Maine can't be beat!' I am now fully satisfied as to the stamina, temper and rank of my own regiment, and can think of what our men have done with pride. I need not single out the names of the brave, for all were brave. In the hospital I worked with the Brigade Surgeon and our own excellent and faithful Surgeon on Saturday evening, rendering assistance to the wounded from Casey's Division, and all the Sabbath day, doing the best that could be done for our own and other soldiers coming in from the battle ground with broken limbs and bleeding faces. Not a man of our wounded came to us with a faltering spirit or complaining tongue. Yesterday I rode with Col. Staples to Gen. Heintzleman's Headquarters to bid 'good bye' to these noble men just before their departure in the cars for some distant place of safety and healing. The dead were buried on the field of battle carefully and tenderly by their own comrades, and neat head boards with fitting inscriptions tell where they lie, their names, and on what day they fell. Maine may consider herself honored in the bravery of her sons."

Order to Encourage Enlistments. Secretary Stanton has issued the following order for the encouragement of enlistments in the army, which will be transmitted to the Governors of States and recruiting officers:

"Pursuant to a joint resolution of Congress to encourage enlistments in the regular army and volunteer forces, it is ordered that a premium of two dollars shall be paid for each accepted recruit that volunteers for three years, or during the war; and every soldier who hereafter enlists, either in the regular army or the volunteers, for three years or during the war, may receive his first month's pay in advance, upon the mustering of his company into the service of the United States, or after he shall have been mustered into and joined a regiment already in the service."

New Orleans Prices. From a private letter to a gentleman in Rockland, lately received from a friend at New Orleans, he states the following as the regular prices of produce, &c., in that city:

"Butter is $1 per pound; coffee, 90 cents; tea, $5; fresh beef, 40 cents; steak, 50 cents; pork very scarce; flour, double extra, $20 per barrel; corn meal, 10 cents per pound. We get very nice sweet potatoes, ordinary size, for five cents each. As for light, we prefer daylight, as coal oil sells at $5 per gallon."

For the Maine Farmer.

ALBERT.

I know sweet May has come, her gentle footsteps
Are falling softly over hill and plain;
Her fragrant breath steals through the open casement,
But ah! it brings me only bitter pain.
Beneath my window tiny flowers are growing,
Lifting their heads to meet the sun's bright ray;
But ah! they make me weep, for they remind me
Of one I love, who's sleeping far away.
One year ago last night, we stood together
Beside an open window miles away,
Watching the moonlight gilding with wierd beauty
The shore and crested waves of Casco bay.
Watching the waves and thinking of the morrow,
The dread to-morrow which *must* bid us part,
While waves of grief, lit by no silver moonbeams,
Surged wild and stormy o'er each troubled heart.
One year ago this beautiful May morning
My heart seemed bursting, and the tears would come,
And yet I tried to smile, though like a knell
Fell on my ear the music of the drum.
The banners waving, muskets brightly gleaming,
The deafening shouts that rent the morning air,
I saw them, heard them not, my brain was reeling
Beneath its load of deep, though vain despair;
I saw but one amid the thousand soldiers,
One pale sad face was only in my sight,
The deep brown eyes and curls of midnight blackness
Looked strangely brilliant in the morning light.
'Twas but a moment and the vision vanished,
The cars swept by that bore them far away,
And we, the desolate and broken-hearted,
Could only seek our homes, and weep, and pray.
And others still may pray for *him*—my prayers are ended—
My life is darkened and my hopes are fled.
I cannot pray! O God forgive and pity,
I've none to love me now, *Albert is dead.*
Last night, a telegram brought the sad tidings,
"Killed while on picket duty, A. Bernard."
And then a note, I only read this sentence,
"Albert is dead, shot while on picket guard."
Where e'er I turn my eyes, I see this picture,
This only this, wherever I may go.
A grand old forest, dim, and strangely solemn,
And one lone sentry pacing to and fro.
I hear the birds chanting their morning praises,
The proud Potomac dashing swiftly by,
And through the branches thickly intervening,
I catch faint glimpses of the far off sky.
And still the sentinel his round is going,
His tall form lifted to its proudest height,
Thinking of home, the dear old "forest city,"
Its lofty spires now bathed in morning light,
And of his only sister who would greet him
So proudly, when victorious he should come,
His dark eyes glisten, and a smile like sunlight
Plays around his lips at the sweet thought of home.
Hark! what is that? A flash—a loud report!—
The picket falls, our groan and all is o'er.
Still the dark waters sweep along as proudly,
And the white face upturned upon the shore.
How can I look upon the pleasant sunshine?
How can the sweet flowers, or breathe their fragrant breath,
When by the sullen waves of the Potomac
My only brother sleeps the sleep of death.

Fannie A. Stockman.

Execution in New Orleans. Wm. B. Mumford was executed in New Orleans on the 7th inst., for the crime of hauling down the American flag from the Mint in that city, where it had been hoisted by order of Com. Farragut, before it was taken possession of by Gen. Butler. A correspondent of the Boston *Journal* says:

"He was tried by the military commission and sentenced to be hung. The sentence was duly approved, and Saturday, June 7th, between the hours of eight and twelve o'clock, he was to suffer the penalty of the law. The gallows was erected upon the front of the Mint. The prisoner was brought from the Custom House where he had been confined, in an ambulance, the escort consisting of a portion of McGee's cavalry and seven companies of the Maine 12th regiment. I had an opportunity of conversing with the condemned man, and found him a model of his class. Morbidly indifferent to his impending fate, he seemed little like a martyr to his political faith. It was believed that he would be reprieved, and the prisoner himself, it was thought, did not think he should be hung. But at twenty minutes to eleven o'clock he was conducted to the platform and stood upon the drop.

A short prayer was said, when, according to the expectations of everybody, he proceeded to address the vast throng. His speech had little in it to remember; for while, I, at least, supposed that it would be an expression of political faith, it was only an incoherent mass of matter, containing allusions to his early life and family, but neither spoke intelligently of his own affairs or hopes. Finally, he hoped that he should 'go to as good a place as this if there be such a place in this country or any other country in this world.' He was a strange looking man, as he uttered such words, with his hardy frame little agitated by the awful scene, his face deeply scared by disease, his long, flowing black beard falling upon his bosom. At the conclusion of his speech the black gown was put on, the cap drawn over his face, at ten minutes to eleven the drop fell. After the usual time the body was cut down, examined by the physicians, and then passed over to his friends. I was surprised that there was no murmur of dissatisfaction even, in the large crowd, that by no word or act was the manifest justice of this sentence questioned.

New Music. We have received from the publishing house of Oliver Ditson & Co., 227 Washington street, Boston, the following pieces of excellent music for the piano forte:

Yankee Volunteers marching into Dixie. A march by Stephen Glover.

Jasmine Potpouri and Bell Flower Waltz. For young beginners. By Chas. Grobe.

Weep no more for Willie. Song and chorus by G. C. Whittredge. And the celebrated *Equestrian Quick step.* Arranged by J. W. Turner.

Levinia Waltz. Composed by W. Withers, Jr.

A Voice from the Old Church Bell. Quartette. Words by Z. Pope Vose. Music by S. K. Whitney, band Maine 4th regiment.

Then you'll remember me. From the Bohemian Girl. Transcribed by Adolph Baumbach.

Where art thou wandering, little child? Ballad. By Frank Mori.

Almeda Quadrille. By Robert Bell.

The Atlantic Monthly for July. The contents of this number, which commences the tenth volume of this admirable magazine, are as follows: Some Soldier Poetry; Froude's Henry the Eighth; Why their Creeds Differed; Presence; Chiefly about War Matters; The Minute Guns; Originality; Ericsson and his Inventions; Moving; Methods of Study in Natural History; Lyrics of the Street; Friend Eli's Daughter; Taxation no Burden; The Poet to his Readers; The Children's Cities; Reviews and Literary Notices, &c. A large increase in the circulation of the Atlantic since the present year begun, is evidence of the permanent hold on popular favor which the Atlantic has secured. The publishers announce for the coming year, articles in every department of literature from the unequalled staff of correspondents, whose productions have given the magazine its present enviable reputation and success. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, publishers. Terms $3 per annum.

Godey's Lady's Book for July, commences the thirty-third year of this incomparably elegant and useful magazine. The veteran Godey, who, during this long period has presided over its publication, with unabated energy and increased resources, still continues at the helm, every year adding to it a new charm and value and excelling all competitors in the beauty, variety and interest of its contents. The Lady's Book has become an indispensable "domestic institution," always contributing to the refinement and elevation of the family circle, developing and improving the taste, and imparting knowledge in household economy which can be acquired in no other way so cheaply or so intelligently. Vive la Godey! Published in Philadelphia at $3 per annum.

Arthur's Home Magazine for July. Always a favorite visitor in the family, this number is not behind any of its predecessors in value

The Record of the War.

The Rebel Raid at White House.

NEW YORK, June 17th. The *Tribune's* correspondent, speaking of the raid on White House Railroad, Friday last, states that six men in the cars were instantly killed. A colonel and a major are missing, and a captain and eight privates were captured. They burned part of the train and damaged the road so that the cars could not run for fifteen hours. They plundered and burnt several vessels on the Pamunky river, and are reported to have burned a forage train of sixty wagons, killed a number of teamsters, and frightened everybody at White House so that all the sick, wounded and women were hurried aboard the Spaulding and sent down the river. There were only 160 rebel cavalry, said to be part of Stonewall Jackson's force, whose whole army has escaped from General Fremont and are now on our flank. This correspondent demands instant reinforcements of Gen. McClellan.

The Affair said to be the Result of Mistake.

PHILADELPHIA, June 18. A correspondent of the *Press*, writing from Gen. McClellan's army, gives an account of the incursion by the enemy in the vicinity of White House on Friday afternoon, which indicates that it was more the result of a mistake than an exhibition of daring recklessness, as generally supposed

He says, speaking of the reinforcement to the enemy, that on Friday afternoon a detachment of Jackson's force, coming down from Gordonsville and along the line of the Aquia Creek railroad, mistook their course, when they struck the headwaters of the Chickahominy, went too far to the left, and proceeded on, the cavalry in front and infantry following, until they came suddenly on the Federal pickets. Instantly finding out their mistake, they drew up in order of battle and engaged our cavalry vidette, who gradually retired before superior force.

Capture of Federal Pickets by the Enemy.

NEW YORK, June 17. The *Times'* correspondent in the army of the Potomac, writing on the evening of the 13th inst., says the right wing of the army to-day was attacked by the rebels about 11 o'clock, who succeeded in capturing nearly all of the pickets of Company H, 5th Regular Cavalry. A scouting party of Company F, about the same time was attacked by a large rebel force, but they made good fight on the retreat. Our small force burned and destroyed their tents, &c., and the rebels succeeded in taking a few prisoners. Our forces retreated to the Chickahominy, but the rebels did not follow. The rebels now hold possession of Old Church, but will probably be driven off to-morrow.

Another correspondent under date of Fair Oaks 13th, states that the 1st Excelsior regiment charged on the rebels, driving them out of some deserted houses, but being reinforced the rebels again advanced and burnt the houses. Five of the Excelsior Regiment were killed. Several of the rebels were seen to fall.

The 16th Massachusetts regiment has been added to the 1st Brigade of General Hooker's division. An attack is momentarily expected. Wagons, ambulances, &c., have been sent to the rear, and the troops are kept under arms.

The Rebel Gen. Lee's House to be used as a Hospital.

The *Tribune's* Washington dispatch states that owing to representations made to the President by members of the New England Relief Association, who undoubtedly were the first made acquainted with the facts, by returning Massachusetts soldiers in New York, he has ordered the whole house on the Pamunkey river, with its grounds, belonging to Col. Lee of the rebel army, which have been hitherto scrupulously guarded from intrusion, to be used for hospital purposes.

Jackson Reinforced---Fremont in an exposed Position.

NEW YORK, June 17. A special dispatch to the *Times* dated Mount Jackson, 16th, states that information has been received at headquarters that Jackson had been reinforced a second time by 12,000 men.

Gen. Fremont is in a very exposed position and no reinforcements are on the way to him. It is believed that much of the Corinth rebel army is to be sent to secure the suplies of wheat in the Shenandoah valley.

It is stated by rebels that Jackson has been reinforced by White's division, 15,000 strong, and is again advancing down Luray Valley, keeping only a small force in the Shenandoah Valley to amuse Gen. Fremont. The firing of last night partially confirms this statement.

Operations near Charleston---Successful Advance of the Federal Troops.

NEW YORK, June 17. The *Times'* Port Royal correspondent, under date of June 12, states that Brigadier General Wright landed at Seabrook's Point May 31. The Sixth Connecticut Regiment first landed, had a skirmish with the rebels June 1, and drove them across the river and took possession of the bridge. On the 1st and 2d inst. Generals Hunter, Bonham and Stevens, with a good force, went to Stone Inlet, accompanied by eight gunboats, and landed on James Island without opposition. On the 5th inst., two companies of the Round Head Regiment penetrated within the enemy's lines and had their retreat cut off, but the Eighth Michigan Regiment succeeded in recovering them and drove the enemy, who recreated with Capt. Clime, of the Round Head Regiment, and some dozen privates, prisoners. Adjutant Walker, of a South Carolina regiment, was captured.

The latest information is that last Tuesday the 97th Pennsylvania, 47th New York, and two companies of the 6th Connecticut regiment were attacked, and after two hours' fighting the rebels were routed with a loss of 17 killed, 30 wounded, and 6 prisoners. Our loss was three killed and thirteen wounded. The next day the 8th Michigan and 79th New York regiments charged on a rebel battery half a mile in advance of their former position, and captured three guns and destroyed the remaining one.

The rebel officers taken prisoners say the approaches to Charleston are lined with batteries and that every inch of ground will be hotly contested.

Fevers are quite prevalent, and the Maine 8th regiment has suffered severely from this cause.

Rebel Evacuation and Federal Occupation of Cumberland Gap.

WASHINGTON, June 19. The Secretary of War received to-day a dispatch from Gen. George W. Morgan, dated Camp near Cumberland Gap, June 18, 8 o'clock, A. M. It states that his army commenced its march at one o'clock that morning to attack the enemy at Cumberland Gap, but on their arrival it was found he had evacuated that very important position—his rear guard having left only about four hours before the arrival of our advance.

Gen. Morgan praises the conduct of his division in its arduous march through an extremely difficult country. He says his cannon were dragged up the precipitous sides of the Pine and Cumberland mountains by the aid of block and tackle, 200 men being employed upon the ropes of a single piece. In his progress considerable skirmishing with the enemy had taken place, but without any loss on our side.

Naval Expedition up White River.

GUNBOAT ST, LOUIS,
White River Cut, Ark., June 15.

The expedition reached here without a shot being fired. The rebel steamer Clara Dobson was captured to-day in Bayou Lagreux by the tug Spiteful. She had 100 bales of cotton aboard, and has been sent to Memphis with a prize crew.

The steamers 35th Parallel and Judge Fletcher and several others are in India Bay; also the iron-clad gunboat Arkansas, which lately ran down here in an unfinished state from Memphis, and it is expected they will offer us battle.

The gunboat Van Dorn, which escaped our fleet at Memphis, is said to be up the Arkansas river.

Concentration of Rebel Troops at Richmond---Rebel Expectations.

NEW YORK, June 19. An intelligent Union refugee has furnished the *Herald* with important and interesting information of affairs in Richmond, from which place he made his escape a few days since. He states that since the appointment of Lee as General-in-Chief, nearly the whole army has been concentrated near Richmond, even recalling some regiments sent against Gen. Burnside. The conscription act is rigidly enforced, the conscripts being placed in the ranks of old regiments in the field.

Jeff Davis is hated by the army as a stubborn, self-willed tyrant, and Beauregard has lost prestige, though they still hold the delusion of a rebel victory at Shiloh.

There are from 400 to 500 persons in prison in Richmond, charged with disloyalty to the South.

While the rebels estimate their army around Richmond at 180,000 men, it cannot amount to less than 150,000. This army, though largely made up of conscripts, is well disciplined and effective, and has unbounded confidence in Gen. Joseph Johnson. The rebel soldiers still believe that the tide will be turned against Gen. McClellan, and then the war will be carried across the Potomac into Maryland and the North. The army of Johnston is constantly receiving reinforcements, and he expects to hold our army in check until the impatience of England and France in reference to Southern cotton and tobacco shall result in bringing those nations to the rescue.

The rebels still cling to the delusion that their armies have only temporarily abandoned such places as New Orleans, Norfolk, Nashville and Memphis. The rebel leaders are fully aware, however, that all their deceptions of military strategy will be exposed with the loss of Richmond, and hence their desperate efforts and labors to hold it. They can never explain their retreat from a crushing defeat at Richmond, to the satisfaction of their deluded followers.

Reinforcement of McClellan---Large Numbers of Troops sent him.

NEW YORK, June 20. The Buffalo *Commercial* says there can no longer be any doubt that at last General McClellan has been reinforced. The Pennsylvania reserve, 8000 strong, is now with him, so are ten regiments which have during most of the year been in the neighborhood of Newport News, Old Point, &c., and so also is McDowell corps at least 30,000 strong.

In addition to this, the Syracuse *Journal* says it has positive information that several New York regiments including the 10th and 101st regiments, with others, have joined Gen. McClellan's forces within 10 days.

News from Gen.'s Fremont and Shields.

WINCHESTER, Va., June 17. Gen. Shields has concentrated all his troops at Strasburg.

Ewell is now believed to occupy Luray with a heavy force.

Gen. Fremont was about to advance to Newmarket, opposite the gap which leads to Luray.

Jackson is believed to have a large force of light troops at Harrisonburg, and another force at Port Republic.

Over 1500 men are absent from Gen. Banks's command.

A quantity of loaded arms, and ammunition was seized at Berryville yesterday, and a secession newspaper, the Berryville *Conservator*, was confiscated several days ago.

The bridge at Harper's Ferry has been rebuilt, and the cars run over regularly.

Union residents of the Valley still feel insecure under threats that Jackson will return. It is pretty certain, intelligence is daily received here and sent to Jackson's army by secessionists.

Later from Memphis---Gen. Lew Wallace in Command of the City.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., June 18. Gen. Lew Wallace has assumed command of this city. His first official act was to take possession of the *Argus* newspaper office, which has been unspoken in its sympathies with rebellion.

Threats having been made to tear down the Union flags flying over the houses of some of the citizens, the Provost Marshal has issued orders instructing the guard to shoot down any one attempting to haul down the flag, or offering any insult or molestation to resident citizens who have thus manifested their devotion to the Union.

An order is also issued to imprison all citizens carrying concealed weapons.

Guerrillas are prowling about the country. Five were arrested last night by pickets in the suburbs of the city.

The oath of allegiance was administered to over 400 yesterday, one-half of whom were soldiers.

Affairs near Richmond---Jeff. Davis Denounced.

The New York *Times* has a letter dated Camp before Richmond, 18th, which says: Every day of sunshine advances the fall of Richmond. Three days of rain might postpone it essentially. With the exception of Sunday's thunder storm, we have had now a succession of dry, warm days. The roads are becoming hard, the surface of the earth in the fields, except in low spots, is practicable for artillery.

Another letter says: I am positively assured, by parties who are reliably informed, that the life of Jeff. Davis is in extreme danger, the rebels looking upon him with the utmost suspicion. It is even averred that he was prevented by armed force from escaping from Richmond. Hand-bills in every variety and in profuse quantities are displayed all over the city of Richmond, denouncing Davis, and applying to him ridiculous and opprobrious epithets.

MCCLELLAN'S HEADQUARTERS, 22d, 8 P. M. This has been a remarkable quiet day, considering the close proximities of the two contending forces. Brisk skirmishing ensued all day yesterday and at night. Everything indicated that a general engagement was at hand.

The enemy advanced in strong force on our lines during last night, but being promptly met soon retired.

The Richmond papers of yesterday contain a dispatch from Montgomery, Ala., dated the 17th, stating that Gen. Beauregard and staff had arrived there on their way to Richmond, and it was said they were to be followed by a large portion of the army of the Mississippi, and that sufficient force had been left under the invincible Bragg, to check any advancements of the vandals under Gen. Halleck.

The Charleston *Mercury* of the 18th, gives a graphic description of an engagement on James Island the previous Sunday, in which it acknowledges a severe loss on both sides without any material change in position.

Successful Engagement on White River.

MEMPHIS, 19th. An expedition composed of the gunboats St. Louis, Lexington, Conestoga, and Mound City, with transports carrying the 43d and 46th Indiana regiments under Col. Fitch, were sent hence some days since to remove the obstructions from White River. On the 17th, the expedition reached St. Charles, 85 miles above the mouth of the river, where the enemy had erected a battery.

An engagement ensued lasting an hour and a half. While the gunboats engaged the batteries, the troops under Col. Fitch landed a short distance below, and proceeded to storm the place.

During the cannonading a ball entered the boiler of the Mound City, causing a fearful explosion and loss of life. The crew consisted of 175, of whom 125 are either killed or wounded.

Capt. Kelty, flag officer, was badly scalded, but it is thought he will recover.

ST. CHARLES, White House, Ark., 17th.

Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

On arriving eight miles below here last evening, we ascertained that the enemy had two batteries here, supported by a force (number unknown) of infantry. A combined attack was made at 7 P. M., to-day.

The regiment under my command (46th Indiana) landed two and a half miles below the batteries, and skirmishers were thrown out, who drove in the enemy's pickets. The gunboats then moved up, and opened on their batteries. A rifled shot from one of the batteries penetrated the steam drum of the Mound City, disabling her, and scalding most of her crew. Apprehensive that a similar accident might happen to the other gunboats, and thus leave my small force without their support, I signalled the gunboats to cease firing, and we would storm the batteries. They ceased at exactly the right moment, and my men carried the battery gallantly. The infantry were driven from the support of the guns, the gunners shot at their posts, their commanding officer, Frieze, formerly of the United States navy, wounded, and we captured eight brass and iron guns, with ammunition.

The enemy's loss is unknown. We have buried seven or eight of their dead, and others, dead and wounded are being brought in.

The casualties among my own command are small, the only real loss being from the escaping steam in the Mound City. She will probably be repaired, and ready to proceed with us up the river to-morrow.

A full report will be ready as early as possible.

Very respectfully,
(Signed) G. N. FITCH,
Colonel Commanding.

Death of Col. Ellett of the Ram Fleet.

WASHINGTON, 21st. The following despatch has been received, dated Cairo 21st—

To Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War.

Col. Chas. Ellett died at this place this morning at four o'clock, while on his way to my house at New Albany to recover his health, to enable him to rejoin the fleet. The command will now devolve upon Lieut. Col. Alfred Ellett, a good officer. The fleet started South from Memphis on the 19th inst.

(Signed) JAMES BROOKS,
Q. M. of U. S. Ram Fleet.

The Whereabouts of Beauregard and his Army.

CHICAGO, 21st. A rebel who says he has been an orderly to Price, was captured within our lines. He says Beauregard started for Richmond immediately after the battle on the Chickahominy. Price has also gone to Richmond to tender his resignation. Gen. Bragg was in command of the rebel army.

Beauregard's army at last accounts was at Okolona, 80,000 strong. Kirby Smith was at Chattanooga with 20,000, Price at Fulton with 15,000, and Van Dorn with a small cavalry force was at Grenada.

Active Military Preparations at Newbern.

NEW YORK, 21st. The steamer Haze, from Newbern 17th and Hatteras 19th, has arrived. She saw a large steamer ashore off Logger Head Inlet, the sea breaking over her.

The steamer seen ashore was brig rigged, and about 1000 tons with a walking beam engine.

A force of our troops from Newbern dispersed a rebel force some six miles above, on the opposite side of the neuse, destroyed their fortifications, and brought in Capt. Latham a prisoner.

Gen. Burnside arrived at Newbern last Sunday, and preparations were making for an extensive military movement.

PLANS FOR NAVAL DEFENCE. Secretary Welles sent to the Naval Committee of each House, on Wednesday, a communication calling renewed attention to the subject of armored ships, and to the necessity of preliminary measure for the future construction of such vessels for the naval service, topics already discussed in the Secretary's letter of March 25. Congress is urged to take action before its adjournment on the subject of supplying itself with the armature and heavy ordnance for ships, and the substitution of iron for wood, in whole or in part, in the construction of naval vessels. Mr. Welles, after remarking upon the necessity, growing out of various considerations, that the Government should build its own ships-of-war, and manufacture its own arms, and many other articles requisite for the naval service, and adverting to the inadequacy of our present Navy Yards to the work required, proceeds to call attention to the fact that materials rendered necessary by the recent change in the construction of vessels of war, such as heavy iron beams, shafting, and this iron plates, can only be procured from two or three parties in limited quantities, and subject to great delay and danger of imposition. He then adverts to the efforts which other nations, striving for maratime supremacy, are making in the matter of plating wooden vessels and building iron ones. These facts Mr. Welles considers suggestive, and calculated to draw attention to the necessity of providing the means and conveniences for building and repairing a navy such as our Government requires, in order to maintain its true position among maratime nations.

The Secretary goes on to say that the Government ought to be independent of private establishments in respects to important and expensive works, and that the liberal appropriations of Congress for building vessels cannot be made available in obtaining the proper locations, mills, forges, etc., without time and careful consideration. He therefore suggests an appropriation of a million or two for this purpose at once, in order to commence as other nations are commencing the work of building an iron-clad navy commensurate with the want of the country. This comparatively small expenditure now, he adds, may save hundreds of millions and the honor of the nation hereafter. The Secretary concludes by remarking that, even if any of our present Navy Yards are adapted to the purposes indicated, they will require considerable enlargement, and suggests that authority be given to designate and procure one or more suitable locations for additional yards; one of these should, in his opinion, be in the Valley of the Mississippi, where recent experience, the vast resources in iron, and other capabilities of the West, with the radical change in naval architecture, demonstrate the propriety of establishing a Navy Yard, foundery and shops.

A GALLANT BOY. A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* chronicles the return home of a youthful and gallant soldier boy:

"A little boy, only two years old, whose mother resides in Woodburn, returned last week from Pittsburg Landing. He was drummer in a company of which his father was lieutenant. His name is Charley Elis. I am well acquainted with the family, having been their physician. The boy went through the whole of the Donelson fight, and was engaged during the two days of that at Pittsburg Landing. His father was wounded in three places, while *he* had his clothes pierced with bullets, and blood once slightly drawn from above the knee. His *drum* was shot entirely away. The little fellows's gear looked very rusty, and his girlish face was tanned as chocolate. His Col. sent him home, with four wounded men, by whom he had remained and to whom he carried water on the field *when the war raged the hottest*. They say he never flinched. At Donelson he got hold of a gun, dropped by a rebel, and fired twenty rounds himself, by borrowing cartridges from the soldiers about him. I tried to get him to stay with us over night, promising to take him home in my carriage early in the morning; but no, he said he preferred to walk three or four miles in the mud and rain, after dark, *for he wanted to see his mother that night*. His father was left behind in a hospital."

THE WOUNDED AT THE BATTLE BEFORE RICHMOND. The correspondent of the N. Y. *Tribune* thus speaks of the scene after the battle before Richmond:

"The wounded! It is now fifty-six hours since they received their injuries. Those away from water—oh, how they suffer! Those in the wet—how they contract new disease, and how they undergo wintry torments from the night cold! I dread to go upon that battle-ground. For forty-eight hours I have worked, and slept, and ate, and served among a thousand wounded soldiers—wounded in every possible form, and with every possible degree of servertiy. The screaming of stout men under the surgeons' knives—the groaning everywhere over three acres of lawn—the piteous cries for help, for drink, for shade—the delirium of the dying—the blood and discoloration, and disfigurement, and dirt, and wretchedness of the unfortunates who are brought in in an uninterrupted stream of tardy discovery, and lie under foot everywhere, waiting surgical help—the ceaseless labors on the operating table in the great hospital tent—the use of knife and probe by lantern-light all around this country seat, and the dressing of ghastly wounds all night and all day, and all day and all night—'tis a memory that shall make the Seven Pines painful till I die."

THE SOUTHERN HARVEST—*Short Crops.* The Nashville *Dispatch* of 15th inst. stating that harvesting has begun in that vicinity. Much of the spring wheat was materially injured and prematurely ripened by the rust, so that some farmers say their crop is hardly worth gathering. As a general thing the Mediterranean and other varieties of late wheat look well, and promise a large yield. Should the remaining portion of Tennessee do as well there will be plenty for home consumption and some to spare. The intelligence from the States further South, according to the *Dispatch*, is to the effect that the wheat crop, which is already harvested to a great extent, has been seriously damaged and cut short, some accounts say fully one-half, by the rust. With a short crop of wheat and no cotton, the prospects of the Southern people are certainly dubious.

DESTRUCTIVE FLOOD ON THE MISSISSIPPI. A Baton Rouge correspondent of the Providence *Journal* says the condition of the country on the shores of the Mississippi is dreadful. There is no work, and the people have to enlist to keep themselves from starving. To add to all this suffering, the river has now overflowed its banks, and the crops on both sides for hundreds of miles have been utterly ruined for the coming year. At town after town, the water was up the windows of the first story, and many of the buildings are swept away by the current. The condition of affairs would be dreadful in time of peace; but to add to all this, the horrors of war make the condition of things almost worse than can be imagined. At the present time, the river is higher than it has been for forty or fifty years, and the damage is much greater than ever before.

THE PRIZE STEAMER CIRCASSIAN. English papers by the last steamer assert that the Circassian, condemned for attempting to run the blockade, could not have entered our Southern ports on account of her great draft of water; but it is known to the government that the Circassian was not only bound to Charleston, but the facts show that she could easily have entered New Orleans, Mobile, Pensacola, Savannah, Charleston or Wilmington. The vessel and cargo are valued at about $1,400,000 after paying all the expenses of the prize court, which it is said, are extravagant. One half of the remainder goes to the government, and the rest to the officers and crew of the vessel which seized the prize.

A DESPERATE GANG. Charles Allen, Andrew J. Sargent and Josiah Sargent, arrested on suspicion of robbing the post office at North Berwick have been committed to jail in this city for their appearance at the U. S. District Court, to be held at Bangor on the fourth Friday in June. These fellows are said to be a desperate gang. At the house of the Sargents, in Wells, was found a place where a man could be secreted, and another place for the secreting of stolen goods. They had a loaded pistol when they committed this robbery, and each of of them was armed with a large stake, iron knuckles, &c.—*Portland Transcript.*

MAINE VESSEL BURNED. The *Whig* states that the schooner Garnet, Spear master, from Rockland for New York, with lime, before reported in danger at Rye Beach, N. H., went ashore not far from the Ocean House, on Saturday, and water coming to the lime, both vessel and cargo were burnt. But 25 bbls. of lime were saved. The crew reached shore safely.

☞ There are three young men now in Aroostook County, engaged in collecting specimens of the birds of Northern Maine. One of them is sent by the State of New York to collect specimens for the State Cabinet. The other two are from Boston and are collecting for the Natural History Department at Cambridge.

☞ The Bangor *Courier* learns that a house occupied by Mr. Foster at Winterport was burned on Friday night last, and that a daughter of Mr. F., about seven years old, perished in the flames.

The Markets.

AUGUSTA PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

Flour,	$5 50 to 8 00	Clear Salt Pork,	9 00 to 10 00
Corn Meal,	75 to 80	Mutton,	6 to 10
Rye Meal,	1 00 to 0 00	Turkeys,	10 to 12
Wheat,	1 62 to 2 00	Chickens,	10 to 12
Rye,	80 to 85	Geese,	7 to 10
Corn,	65 to 68	Clover seed,	10 to 15
Beans,	2 25 to 2 50	Herdsgrass,	2 25 to 2 35
Oats,	40 to 43	Red Top,	75 to 80
Potatoes,	25 to 35	Hay,	8 00 to 10 00
Dried Apples,	6 to 8	Lime,	70 to 75
Cooking "	40 to 50	Fleece Wool,	35 to 40
Winter "	87 to 100	Pulled Wool,	40 to 42
Butter	14 to 15	Sheep Skins,	75 to 100
Cheese,	8 to 10	Hides,	5½ to 6
Eggs,	10 to 12	Calf Skins,	10 to 11
Lard,	12 to 13	Lamb Skins,	25 to 40
Round Hog,	$6 00 to 7 00		

BRIGHTON MARKET---June 19.

At market, 1050 Beeves, 90 Stores, 1700 Sheep and Lambs and 1000 Swine.

PRICES—*Market Beef*—Extra $6.75; first quality $6,50 @ $6,00; second do., $6.00; third do. $4.75 @ 5.50.

Working Oxen—$100, 115, 120, @ $130.

Milch Cows—$45 @ $50; common $19 @ $20.

Veal Calves—$4 @ $5,00.

Yearlings—$8 @ $9; two years old $18 @ $19; three years old $21 @ $23.

Hides—6 @ 6½c. *Calf Skins* 8 @ 9c. ℔ lb.

Tallow—Sales at 6½c @ 6½c ℔ lb.

Pelts—50 @ 75 cts.

Sheep and Lambs—$2,50 @ $2,75; extra 3,00, 3 75 @ 4 50.

Swine—Stores wholesale 3½ @4 c.; retail 4 @ 5c.

Beeves are sold by the head, at prices equal to the value per pound of the estimated weight of beef in the quarter, the same prices, at a shrinkage from live weight, agreed on by the parties, varying from 28 to 34 ℔ cent.

Remarks—Owing to the large number of Cattle at market, there was a decline of 25c ℔ 100 lbs. on Beef. Sheep and Lambs of good quality, and sold higher than last week. Swine sell a shade higher, the supply being rather small.

BOSTON MARKET....June 21.

FLOUR—We quote common brands Western at $4 25; fancy brands $4 50; extras $4 65 @ $5 00; and superior at $5 62½ including choice brands of St. Louis. Southern Flour is quiet, with no sales to notice.

CORN—Western mixed, 64 @ 65c, per bushel.

OATS—Western and Canada, 50 @ 55c ℔ bushel.

RYE—83c ℔ bushel.

HAY—Sales of Eastern at $15.

NEW YORK MARKET.....June 23.

Flour—State and Western continues active but no decided change in price. Superfine State $4.15 a $4,20; extra do. $4.40 a 4,45; round hoop Ohio $4.95 a $5.10; super Western $4.10 a $4,20; Southern unchanged—mixed to good $4.80 a $5; fancy and extra $5,65 a $6,75; Canada favors buyers—extra $4,40 a $6.20.

Wheat opened firmer and 1 a 2 cents better—Chicago spring $1 02; Milwaukie club $1 @ $1 02; red winter western $1 11 @ $1 15. Canada club 90c @ $1 00.

Corn 1 a 2c lower—mixed western 46c @ 49c.

Special Notices.

The U. S. Pension Office has been removed from Portland to Augusta. All communications addressed to C. F. POTTER, Esq., the U. S. Pension Agent, will meet with a prompt reply.

The Greatest Improvement of the Age is the MAGIC LOTION.

It will stop the nervous and sun headache.
It will cure Neuralgia pains in 15 minutes.
It will strengthen the spine.
It will cure the Rheumatism.
It will stop a cough.
It is the best medicine for coughs and colds and pains in the stomach ever invented—cures Dyspepsia and strengthens the whole system. It is recommended by some of the members of the Legislature in Augusta, and many of the M. D.s throughout the country.

H. H. HAY, wholesale agent, Portland, Me.
DR. E. C. BOWKER, Boston, Mass.
21tf

BREVITY IS THE SOUL OF WIT.

Hunnewell's Eclectic Pills, are a perfect substitute for Mercurials, for all the errors of Compound Pills, which drug the system rather than cure disease, and by the use of a *Single Pill* or never more than *Two*, assist nature, act naturally on the bowels, and cure *Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache*, when caused by foul stomach, *Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Liver Complaints, Jaundice*. By the number required for a dose, they are economical, save making *Pill Boxes* of the stomach, and will perform what is claimed for them, or money will be refunded.

☞ For Worms they are a sure cure.

☞ Fac-simile of J. L. Hunnewell's signature over corks of genuine only.

For sale by all dealers everywhere.

CONFESSION AND EXPERIENCE OF AN INVALID.

Published for the benefit and as a warning and a caution to young men who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, &c.; supplying at the same time the means of Self-Cure. By one who has cured himself after being put to great expense through medical imposition and quackery. By enclosing a post-paid addressed envelope, SINGLE copies may be had of the author,

NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq., Bedford,
1y13 Kings county, N. Y.

☞ If you love *pure, delicious Honey*, don't fail to read the advertisement in another column, headed Honey! Honey!

Married.

In Portland, Dr. Albion K. Bradbury to Mrs. Helen E. Smith; C. Melville Hall to Emma E. Norris.

In Belfast, Thomas H. Smalley to Clarinda Burkmar; Thomas L. Sargent to Mary P. Rice.

In Brighton, Samuel M. French to Mary York.

In Skowhegan, Stephen Jewett to Mrs. Mary Folsom; Washington Mack to Emma A. Chapin.

In Bangor, Walter E. Darling to Ellen Shepard.

In Albany, David Speake to Sarah A. Laycock.

In Fryeburg, Milton Dana, Esq., to Sarah Warren.

In Bangor, Lorenzo F. Dyer to Lydia Bickford.

In Sanford, D. W. Ferguson to Ellen F. Bean.

Died.

In Augusta, June 23d, Nancy L., wife of Ziba P. Hanks, aged 54 years; June 16th, Herbert, only son of George and Rachel Wilkinson, aged 4 years 2 months.

At Kent's Hill, May 16th, Mary, wife of Dudley Moody, Esq., aged 67 years.

In St. Anthony Falls, Minn., Llewellyn W. Works, formerly of Maine, aged 25 years.

In Troy, Mrs. Charity Andrews, aged 84 years; Louisa C., wife of Dr. Rufus Shackford, aged 25 years 11 months.

In Oldtown, Lydia J. Moulton, aged 32 years

In Rural, Wis., Daniel Harmon, formerly of Durham, Me., aged 81 years.

In Gorham, Elbridge H. Waterhouse, aged 19 years.

In Exeter, Laura, wife of Charles Brown, aged 23 years.

In Moscow, Capt. Asa Fletcher, aged 80 years 7 months.

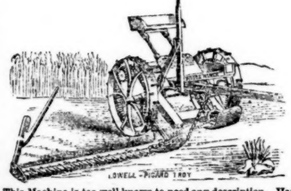
In Kennebunkport, Joseph Titcomb, aged 76 years.

In Rockland, Augusta C., wife of Greenleaf Porter.

In South Hope, Mary, wife of Samuel H. Payson, aged 45.

In Newburg, Angie R., wife of Leonard Jackson, aged 23.

WOOD'S WORLD RENOWNED MOWER WITH IMPROVED KNIVES.



This Machine is too well known to need any description. Having been awarded the highest prizes throughout the country, from the three United States Fairs down to State and county Fairs without number. Also at the great French and English exhibitions, where it has borne away the largest prizes ever offered a harvesting machine. There were 5,000 made and sold by me the last season, which is the best evidence that heavy and complicate mowers are being superceded by lighter, cheaper and more practicable machines.

Price of machines same as last year—$70,00 for one horse machine; $80,00 for two horse—delivered on the cars at Hoosick Falls, N. Y. WALTER A. WOOD,
Hoosick Falls, N. Y

HENRY L. WHITMAN, Winthrop, Maine,
GENERAL TRAVELING AGENT.

Circulars sent gratis on application to Agents. 28tf

WOOD'S MOWER.

For a particular description of same, see Wood's advertisement in this paper

For sale by JOHN MEANS, Agent.
Augusta, June 23, 1862. 4w28

FARM FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers his farm for sale, situated in Mount Vernon, 1½ miles from the village, and the road leading to Chandler's Mills, Belgrade. said farm contains 100 acres, well divided into tillage, pasturage and woodland; cuts 30 tons of hay, has a good orchard which produces an abundance of choice grafted fruit. The buildings consist of house and ell, wood and carriage house attached—all new; two barns and other farm-buildings. There are two wells of excellent water, one at the house, the other at the barns.

Persons wishing to purchase a good farm at a bargain, are invited to examine the premises.

JAMES DOLLOFF.
Mount Vernon, June 24, 1862. 3w25*

READFIELD CORNER HIGH SCHOOL.

The Fall Session of this School will be re-opened September 1st of this year, and continue eleven weeks. The course of education as usual. Tuition also.

The fitting course is already known to the public as the most thorough. The higher Greek and Latin classes if required. The Hebrew once a week, &c. Spanish, French, &c.

Principal, A. WALSH.

Board cheap. Village quiet and far removed from the gay world and city attractions.

Readfield Corner, June 16, 1862. 2w28

DR. C. ROBINS, Charlestown, Mass.

The discoverer of new remedies for EPILEPTIC FITS and ST. VITUS' DANCE, has treated over seven hundred cases successfully, during seventy-five per cent. See recommendation of President Cummings, Middletown, Conn., in *Zion's Herald* of March.

Attention is called to the severe case of James Kimball, Jr., Bradford, a gentleman widely and favorably known in Essex county, who has been under Dr. R.'s care nearly seven months, during which time Mr. K. has had but two fits, and none for seven teen weeks, while in the month previous to his being under his care he had *four*. 3w28

KENNEBEC COUNTY...*In Court of Probate held at Augusta, on the second Monday of June*, 1862.

PHEBE WHARFF, widow of Joseph Wharff, late of Litchfield, in said County, deceased, having presented her application for allowance out of the personal estate of said deceased:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given, three weeks successively, in the Maine Farmer, printed at Augusta, in said County, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, on the second Monday of July next, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*
A true copy. Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.* 27*

GRADE JERSEY STOCK FOR SALE.

One four year old Cow, and 2 two-year old Heifers, all new milks. Half bloods and three-quarters blood Calves for sale by the subscriber. F. M. WOODWARD.
Winthrop, June 21, 1862. 3w23

Northern Missouri.

The Hannibal and St. Joseph R. R. Co., HAVE FOR SALE OVER 500,000 ACRES OF THE Best Prairie and Timber Farming Lands in the West.

At low prices, on ten years' credit, at five per cent. interest. Twenty per cent. is deducted for full payment in cash, or in the Land Bonds of the Company, *taken at par*. If payment is made within two years from date of purchase, with interest. At present the market price of these bonds is from 50 to 60 per cent. below par, which affords an extraordinary opportunity to buy any of the Company's lands desired, very much below the real value.

A FREE TRIP TICKET is given to Land Buyers, and they are charged only half freight on all building materials wanted from Hannibal for first improvements on land bought of the Railroad Company.

Inducements to emigrate to Northern Missouri briefly stated, are as follows:

A mild, healthy climate; rich soil; cheap lands, the productions of which pay for them, expenses and improvements too, much within the limit of credit given; a larger variety of staple productions, embracing all cereals, hemp, tobacco, Chinese sugar cane in perfection, Irish and sweet potatoes, choicer fruits, including grapes for wine, and peaches, than any other region further south or north; pure water, timber, wood, coal, lime, fine building rock, clay for brick, and sand for mortar, are abundant and conveniently distributed; its prairies are ready for the plow; a spring emigrant can plant "sod corn" in the latter part of June, and gather a valuable crop in the succeeding autumn for fattening great quantities of beeves and hogs; it is only necessary to build land enough for buildings, yards, orchards, vineyards and crops to be enclosed, as prairies supply any quantity of excellent hay free of other cost than cutting and stacking, which is done with improved mowers and rakes at less than one dollar per ton, and as foddering is confined to three months and less, but little hay, comparatively, is needed; best of open pasturage, costing nothing, neither interest nor taxes, enabling the stock-raiser or wool-grower to keep horses and mules by the score, herds of cattle, and swine by the hundreds, and flocks of sheep by the thousands; all the markets are accessible by telegraph, rail and water, and the local cash demand for wool, hemp, tobacco, horses, mules, fat hogs, cattle and sheep, to export, is ample for the supply. All these advantages are within three days travel of any Atlantic city, for less than $25 fare. Shall such immense resources remain unimproved?

Missouri is loyal! "Secession is played out!" It is now perfectly safe to emigrate to Northern Missouri, and the loyal are going. It will soon be a free State. Opposers concede it, and the highest controlling interests of the State demand it. Loyal slaveholders unite with other Union-loving citizens in boldly advocating emancipation, as advised by the President and approved by Congress.

COLONIZATION.

Emigrants settling in colonies, will contribute greatly to each other's advantage. Large and choice bodies of land offered, furnish them every facility. To colonize successfully, co-operation is necessary, easy and practical by a little concerted action.

Now is the time for multitudes, with prudent forethought and action, to secure with little money, rich farms and happy homes, which must rapidly increase in value, for themselves and their posterity.

CAPITALISTS, AND OTHERS,

Can now, with little money and perfect security to themselves, assist their more destitute but industrious and capable friends to acquire in a little time, valuable farms and pleasant homesteads. The land will abundantly secure the requisite advance, and its prolific productions will soon enable the emigrant to cancel the loan and interest.

Pamphlets containing skeleton maps showing geographical position, Railroad connections, surveying, thriving Mill information, are sent gratis. ☞ Let all wishing to enlist their friends to emigrate with them, apply for all they want to circulate. Co-operation in this way will be of mutual advantage to all.

Apply to, or address

GEORGE S. HARRIS,
Land Agent Han. & St. Jos. Railroad Company,
45 CITY EXCHANGE, BOSTON, MASS.
Or JOSIAH HUNT, Land Commissioner,
28 Hannibal, Mo.

Homesteads for $20.

THE MISSOURI LAND COMPANY

Have purchased from the Hannibal & St. Joseph Railroad Company a large tract of land in Northern Missouri, adjoining the flourishing town of Hamilton, Caldwell county, for farming and manufacturing purposes, and have divided their property into lots and farms.

There will be issued, by the Association 10,000 shares for lots, among which are included *Three Hundred Farms*, viz.: 1 ten of eighty acres, forty of twenty acres, eighty of ten acres, and one hundred and fifty of five acres, or a corresponding proportion to the number of shares issued. The building lots will vary in size, from twenty-five feet wide by one hundred feet deep, to fifty feet wide by one hundred and fifty feet deep.

Remittances can be made by mail (in registered letters) with safety, or may be sent by draft or express. Certificates will be sent by return mail, on receipt of remittance.

Parties remitting payment for Certificates, are particularly requested to give their full name, place of residence, county, State and post office address,

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Poetry.

THE CROOKED FOOTPATH.

BY DR. O. W. HOLMES.

Ah, here it is! the sliding rail
That marks the old remembered spot,
The gap that struck our school-boy trail,
The crooked path across the lot.

It left the road by school and church,
A pencilled shadow, nothing more,
That parted from the silver birch,
And ended at the farm-house door.

No line or compass traced its plan;
With frequent bends to left or right,
In aimless wayward curves it ran,
But always kept the door in sight.

The gabled porch, with woodbine green,
The broken milestone at the sill,
Though many a road might stretch between,
The truant child could see them still.

No rocks across the pathway lie,
No fallen trunk is o'er it thrown,
And yet it winds, we know not why,
And turns as if for tree or stone.

Perhaps some lover trod the way
With shaking knees and leaping heart—
And so it often runs astray
With sinuous sweep or sudden start.

Or one, perchance with clouded brain,
From some unholy banquet reeled,
And since, our devious steps maintain
His track across the trodden field.

Nay, deem not thus, no earthborn will
Could ever trace a faultless line;
Our truest steps are human still,
To walk unswerving were divine!

Truants from love, we dream of wrath;
O, rather let me trust the more!
Through all the wanderings of the path,
We still can see our father's door.

Our Story-Teller.

DODGE'S.

In the afternoon of one of the coldest days of the winter of 1858, a very respectably dressed traveler arrived in the stage at Newport, and put up for the day and night at Page's Hotel. He was dressed in the common farmer costume, with nothing to distinguish him from mankind in general, except the peculiar manner in which he bundled up his head, to protect it from the cold, and the monstrous size of his overshoes. He was, evidently, a man of means, and altogether a jolly, good-natured kind of fellow, though, at times, an air of sadness shaded his countenance. He was travelling, ostensibly, as an agent for a manufacturing company in New York, but really—so the knowing ones thought—for some other purpose.

"What time does the stage leave here for Richford?" asked the stranger.

"Day after to-morrow morning, at ten o'clock," responded mine host.

"Not till day after to-morrow?"

"No. There is a mail only every other day."

"That is coming bad. It is necessary that I should be in Richford to-morrow night. Is there a stage to North Troy?"

"No, the Richford stage leaves here at ten, A. M., day after to-morrow—drives to North Troy—and reaches Richford in time for an early supper."

"Can I secure a private conveyance?"

"Here is Mr. S.," said mine host, pointing to me, "perhaps you can make some arrangement with him to carry you as far as Dodge's."

"Dodge's?"

"Yes, ten miles beyond North Troy. That would be as far as he could drive and get back the same day. You can see what arrangement you can make with him. He keeps a team, and sometimes does jobs of the kind."

The stranger said no more for some time. He was evidently in a study. I was in a study, too, and mentally resolved, that, if it were possible, I would carry the man, *for a consideration*.

"Well, my friend," said he, at length, addressing me, "can you carry me as far as Richford to-morrow?"

"Perhaps not to Richford; I can carry you as far as Dodge's, if that will do."

"I will give you three dollars and a half to set me down at Richford to-morrow night."

Three dollars and a half, thought, I; that will pay me well. The man is evidently bent on going to Richford—I have a curiosity to carry him. I might as well add that I had a curiosity for all jobs of the kind, from the fact that on such occasions, I always "took suthin." "For four dollars," said I, "I will undertake the job."

"Four dollars, then," said he slowly; "go I must."

"What time will you start?" said I.

"At six."

Early the next morning I hitched up "old Sorrel," and, in company with the stranger, drove rapidly toward North Troy. It was a bitter cold day, a day when nature needed a little assistance if ever; and, when about four miles out, passing through Newport woods, I drew a flask of brandy from my pocket, and, holding it up to the stranger, observed, "Here, friend, this is too cold a day to ride without something to drink—take some."

"No—thank you," said he, "I never use stimulants."

"Take hold, take hold," said I, we can fill it again at Dodge's."

"No, I never drink, *never!*" said he, emphatically. "I have suffered too much from it."

I felt rebuked that he did not drink. I had been debating in my mind for the last two miles, whether to sound him in a round-about way, and find out whether he ever drank, or to put a bold front on the matter, and offer it to him at once. But I had never had the good luck to carry a tee-totaler, and had therefore come to the very sage conclusion that tee-totalers didn't travel. But, for once, I had got a live, total abstinence man, actually transporting him thirty miles on the line. I thought him stupid—very.

Dodge's is a rum-shop, situated on the Mississippi river road, between North Troy and Richford. It is a place of considerable notoriety—celebrated in the country around as a low lived, dram-drinking establishment, from which flows a continued stream of moral and physical death to the surrounding neighborhood. It is a favorite resort for the abandoned and reckless.

I was not at this time a drunkard. I was unwilling to admit that I was a moderate drinker. True, now and, then, as on the present occasion, I thought it no harm to take a drink of brandy, in order the more effectually to keep out the cold. I detested drunkards. I was not at all alarmed about myself, and wondered how any one could be so foolish as to think me in danger, yet my wife had often begged me to abstain, totally. No other human being seemed to think of such a thing as my becoming too strongly attached to my cups. My wife I thought a very foolish little love of a woman, and myself a very strong-minded man, capable of drinking a bottle of brandy now and then without becoming a drunkard. On the present occasion, I found no difficulty in disposing of the brandy, without the assistance of my staid companion. When we arrived at Dodge's, I had drank the last drop, and drew rein for the purpose of replenishing my flask.

"Not here, not here, friend! for Heaven's sake, have respect enough for my feelings not to enter this miserable place. Drive on; I have something to tell you!"

He grasped the rein as he spoke, and old Sorrel shot by in an instant, and went trotting on towards Richford. He had got something to tell me! What in the name of nature could it be? Was it possible that so stupid a companion had had a romance in his life? Nothing of the kind, I was sure. Perhaps he meant to regale me with some hackneyed Temperance lecture. I consoled myself with the thought that in two hours I should be back to Dodge's again.

"Do you see that ruin yonder, like the remains of one of the primitive log-houses?"

"Plainly," said I.

"Well, sir, ten years ago this winter I found a dear sister there—found her, sir—*found* her! Rum did it! and I must tell you the tale. I was one of a family of eight children, brought up in the good State of Connecticut. My brothers and sisters were all dear to me—but not alike dear. Alice, younger than myself, the companion of my youthful hopes and struggles, was dearest of all to me. Amiable and gentle, she seemed pure as the beings of my imagination—a concentration of all that was good and lovely. O, how I loved Alice. Too well, too well! She was my idol. I remember how I almost wished to chide her for giving part of her love to George Dane, the village lawyer. I wished to be all that was dear to her, as she was all that was dear to me.

"George was manly and intellectual, and I had no reason to oppose her choice. Neither did I, only that I regretted to lose from the home society one so dear. They were married, and a life of happiness seemed a sure reward for their purity and devotion. For two years—years, I have reason to believe, of unsullied joys to them—they lived in the same village with us. At the end of that time, George determined to go to Northern Vermont. They moved to T., and, for a time, long and endearing letters of their condition and prospects in their new home were received and eagerly read in the home circle. But, after a time, they grew less frequent, and, at the end of a year and a half, ceased altogether. There was a cloud in our old home—a shadow on the hearthstone. Fearful forebodings were felt by that band of loving hearts. Again and again we wrote, but months rolled around, and no tidings came. But one resource remained—I must seek my lost sister.

Permit me to observe here, my friend, that my scruples were not opposed to spirit drinking. I was not a drunkard, but carried a bottle with me at times—drank when I wanted it, and was always in for a jolly time. I was, in common parlance, a moderate drinker, as the most debauched are, previous to becoming drunkards. If there were no moderate drinkers, there would be no drunkards.

"In due course of time I arrived at my destination in T. I was surprised at the thriftless and general wo-begone appearance of the place. There was not a respectable looking house in the place, no appearance of enterprise and business, but a look of wretchedness and poverty, that made me shudder for the fate of my dear Alice. But Alice was gone. In an answer to my enquiries, I ascertained that she lived for a while in comparative comfort and respectability, but lately they had come to want, and left the village. Nothing more satisfactory could be elicited—no clue to there whereabouts. They had disappeared—no one knew where.

"I spent a week in visiting the neighboring villages, and then returned home. The joy of our household had departed forever.

"About a year afterward, an opportunity occurred for engaging in business, as agent for a manufacturing company, which required travel in Vermont and Canada. In the course of this tour, one cold day in winter—so cold and stormy that traveling was impracticable—I found myself laid up at Dodge's, with a fair prospect of a week's stay: and, to tell the truth, I rather liked the idea. I had, in my travels, become addicted to the ardent; and, as I was the lion of the place, the 'rich stranger,' who was so liberal with his treats, I found time pass swiftly, and—I blush to own it now, sir—pleasantly. The storm continued for the three days without intermission—one of those cold, northwest blows and snow storms, that leave the snow piled in huge drifts, or wreathed fancifully into shapes of wonderous beauty.

"In the evening of the third day a little girl, thinly clad, and benumbed with cold, came softly into the bar-room, and smuggled in between the great stove and the wall. I was not, as yet, thank heaven! hardened to look upon the suffering unmoved; and I instinctively felt an interest in the little stranger from the moment I saw her, and my interest was greatly enhanced when I noticed that she timidly shrank from observation, and seemed intently watching for some one. I divined at once that she was an angel of mercy, sent by some lonely, suffering mother, to persuade home some drunken reveller from this miserable den of death. Drawing my chair close to the stove, and speaking as kindly as possible, I asked her to come to me.

"Don't, don't, please don't whip me, sir?" said the little one sobbing.

"No, my dear, I wish to help you. What are you here for this cold night?"

"'Please sir, to find pa.'

"'Is your pa here, my little one? Tell me which is your pa.'

"'I can't see him. sir, but ma told me to come and tell him that she was dying.'

"'Your mother dying—where does your mother live? When did your pa go away from home?'

"'O, a great while ago, sir, I don't know how long. But I am going back. We've got no fire, and nothing to eat, and ma is cold.'

"'Wait, little one,' said I, and, sitting her down behind the stove, I pushed into a room adjoining, where a few minutes before I had seen Dodge enter, and where I found that personage engaged in assisting a bleared and bloated individual to dress.

"'Mr. Dodge, said I, there is a little girl in the bar-room who has come to get her father.'

"'Tell her to go home" said the drunken wretch whom Dodge was assisting.

"That voice!

"No, I was not mistaken. Time and intemperance had not been able wholly to change it. I had heard it when it inspired happier feelings, but I could not be mistaken—it was the same voice still. The drunken wretch, who, I afterward ascertained, had been dead drunk for three days, was George Dane.

"The true situation of affairs flashed upon my mind at once. I pictured to myself Alice, the wife of a wretched drunkard, suffering, perhaps starving at this very moment, and I so near. I took the little girl in my arms, and walked out in the cold night-air.

"'Where do you live, my little one?' said I. I am going home to see your mother.'

"'Oh, ma will be so glad, she's so cold and hungry; will you please, give me something to carry to ma to eat?'

"I hastened back, and filling my pockets with cakes and crackers, returned, and, taking the child in my arms, pushed through the snow in the direction indicated by the child, to her home. And such a home! Oh, that a man should fall so low! All was dark, still, and cold. Not a breath to tell that a human being inhabited the place, no feeling of warmth, nothing but cold, dark silence. But the child ran to one corner of the miserable hut, exclaiming,

"'Oh, ma, ma, wake up. The man has brought you something to eat. Ma, won't you wake?' And she sobbed as if her little heart would break. She continued talking in this strain to her mother, making all kinds of endearing little speeches, and telling her that they would 'have some supper now,' and, 'Ma, the good man has come to see us.' She kept talking and sobbing; while I, by the aid of matches and a jack-knife, succeeded in kindling a little fire, which grew and grew, till the room was lighted, and some degree of warmth imparted.

"It was a terrible feeling to know that I was in that wretched abode with death and my sister. There was nothing that deserved the name of furniture in the room. Not a chair, not a stool, not a bench, even, except a cupboard in one corner, to indicate that it was ever a human habitation. Close by the fire, on a nest of straw, was the cold, emaciated form of my sister Alice. What a meeting was this, after a five year's absence! I took her by the hand; it was cold as death. I raised her up, and held her to the fire, and rubbed my hands rappidly over her wrists and temple, to impart warmth. Is she dead? Oh, this must not be! Look at me, Alice, I am your brother come to save you. I could not bear the thought that she was dead.

"At length came the reward of my labors. She breathed, faintly, it was true, but life—no, she was not dead. Calmly I worked on; and slowly, yet surely, my sister was coming to life. She spoke, yet her voice evidently wandered.

"'Oh, George,' said she, 'I am so glad you have come, and you are changed. I thought I should die, I was so cold and hungry. I sent little Alice after you, and you were so good not to beat her. I had such a sweet dream. Oh, George its growing dark. I am dying.'

"'It is I, Alice, look at me.'

"She swooned away, exhausted, grasping for breath. Just Heaven what if she should die now? No, I must save her. I went to the door and got a handful of snow, and by the warmth imparted by my hands, succeeded in melting it, and applyiug a few drops to her lips, and bathing her temple, she again revived.

"Her eye was clear, calm, and natural, now. There was the same sweet look as of old. But she was white—oh, so white and death-like. She looked more like an angel from the spirit world, than the flesh and being she really was. Extending her hand toward me, she murmured, in a voice sweet in its softness and sadness,

"'Henry? is it Henry?'

"'Yes, Alice, it is Henry, come to take you home to your father and mother.'

"'Oh, Henry, is it possible? What a horrid memory!' And she pressed her hands over her eyes, as if to shut out some horrid image of the past. 'But it is over now. I have seen the death angel—I am going soon. Oh, Lord Jesus, have mercy on my child, my dear little Alice. Is not George here?'

"'No, he has not come yet. But don't think such thoughts, Alice. You are not going to die. Cheer up! you must go home with me.'

"'Home, yes, I am going home now. Hold me in your arms, brother dear, I am so weak. I wish that George was here to see me die—he was kind to me once, but he was led away. Rum did it. He did not mean to be so bad, but the best society drink here. He couldn't drink a little without drinking too much. Tell him I forgive him. Tell father and mother I have suffered, but I am happy now. I longed to write and let you know all, but I hoped for better times. I hoped every revel would be his last. But oh, the power of rum! George has fallen—he is a victim. The world will condemn him, but the world will never know how bravely he strove to break the charm. The world don't know how much he has suffered. They know his sins—his sufferings they do not wish to know. Poor George, there is no rum in Heaven.'

"She continued to speak, but fainter and fainter; till her voice died to a whisper.

"'Henry, you drink. Don't deceive me—I do not love you less, but I fear for you. Oh, how I have prayed that you might be spared this awful fate. It is an awful thing to be a drunkard. I shall die in your arms. And as you love me Henry, as you wish to meet me in the spirit-land, promise me you will drink no more. I cannot bear that you, too, will be a drunkard. It is the last prayer of your dying sister, that you will never drink again.'"

"Oh, thank you, thank you, Henry; you are the same noble brother. I can die easy now. Take little Alice—give her to father—tell him to let her have her mother's place in his heart. Bury me in the churchyard with sister. Kiss brothers and sisters for me—tell them to meet me above. Tell George—"

There was a slight quiver—a gasp—and the spirit had returned to God who gave it.

She sleeps now in the cold church-yard, the link that connects my soul with heaven.

"I have kept my promise. Not a drop has passed my lips to this day, and by the help of God, there never shall. This, sir, is the reason that I never drink. I have seen hundreds of sisters and wives made miserable by rum; but I never realized the awful sin of drunkenness, till it was brought home to me and mine. And now, stranger, join with me, and throw your bottle into the Mississippi, and you never will regret it."

Family Fireside Talk.

KITTY'S CHOICE.

A wealthy old farmer was Absalom Lee.
He had but one daughter, the mischievous Kitty;
So fair and so good and so gentle was she,
That lovers came wooing from forest and city.
The first and the boldest to ask for her hand
Was a trimly dressed dandy who worshiped her "tin;"
She replied with a smile he could well understand,
"That she'd marry no ape for the sake of his skin!"

The next was a merchant from business retired,
Rich, gouty and gruff, a presuming old sinner;
Young Kitty's fair form and sweet face he admired,
And thought to himself, "I can easily win her!"
So he showed her his palace, and made a bluff bow,
And said she might live there; but wickedly then
Kitty told him she long ago made a rash vow
"Not to marry a bear for the sake of his den!"

A miser came next; he was fearless and bold
In claiming his right to Miss Kitty's affection;
He said she'd not want for a home while his gold
Could pay for a cabin to give her protection.
Half vexed at his boldness, but calm in a trice,
She curtisied, and thanked him; and blushingly then
Demurely repeated her sage aunt's advice
"Not to marry a hog for the sake of his pen!"

The next was a farmer, young, bashful and shy,
He feared the bold women who came from the city;
But the blush on his cheek and the light in his eye
Soon kindled a flame in the bosom of Kitty.
"My life will be one of hard labor," he said;
"But, darling, come share it with me if you can."
"I suppose," she replied, gaily tossing her head,
"I must marry the farm for the sake of the man!"

For the Maine Farmer

READY FOR RAIN.

BY MRS. HULDAH ALLEN.

"Now I am ready for the rain, Mary," said George Wilson, as he sat down to supper.

"Is the rain ready for you, George?" she asked.

"I think so. The clouds have been threatening a long time; and, now, they are low and heavy. I am ready for it; it will be just in time."

"George, as I put supper on the table, I thought of your wish, repeated so many times this week—that it might not rain till you had planted your field. Ought we to be so anxious for the accomplishment of any business within a set time?"

"Well, my wish is gratified, Mary. But now the ground is pretty dry. It needs rain; and I welcome it. Yes, I am all ready, Mary."

"George, does not God give rain in right times to promote the general good? and cannot we always trust Him for necessary blessings?"

"Yes, Mary, I know when rain is withheld to the disadvantage of certain forms of vegetation, we may make the circumstance a blessing, by receiving it as a lesson of Providence, obliging us to study thoroughly, modes of Agriculture; and to learn at the same time, our resources and a quiet trust in the sustaining power of God, under adverse conditions.

More days passed without rain. Weeks passed without bringing it.

"Well, I have planted my field the second time, Mary; but to what purpose? Nothing can grow. The trees are covered with dirt; the grass is drying up; springs are failing; the earth really gapes with thirst; all things are turning to dust. What are we to do?"

"Trust in Providence, George. God holds possibilities in His hand; He disposes events. You recollect last year, the rain came in such floods, that you and the neighbors said the crops were all ruined; that they would rot on the fields. Yet, there was abundance of food for both man and beast. The year before that, you will also recollect, was a very dry one. You said that no rain, of any consequence, fell from the first of April to the first of August; and that only by miracle could a scarcity of food be prevented. Yet we had enough, and to spare. Does not God, still, direct the clouds and the winds so as to subserve the real interest of man, though we cannot now see the good to be developed by this manner of blessing us?"

"It is well for women to indulge in the sublimities of faith, Mary; but man has to work and to plan for means to support life. I want to see some prospect of food, or, at least, the possibility of such a fact."

"George, when man asks God for bread, does He give a stone? Shall we not receive this bread, in the way God pleases to give it? May our trials teach us simple faith, the child's trust."

"These metaphysical refinements, Mary, become you. But working-men want hard fates; the subtleties of theology do not satisfy them. We want substantive products, not speculations. We want the former and the latter rain, not unproductive faith, however radiant with celestial halos."

"And, George, who gives the solids you covet, but Him that asks our faith, and deserves our confidence?"

"Well, Mary—O yes—I know—of course—" stammered George.

"Do your most carefully matured plans succeed, when you do not ask the guidance and blessing of God? On whom do you depend, in every enterprise, George?"

"True, Mary; true!"

"Do you remember, George, the year before we moved to this farm, when you said you should that year, finish paying for it, besides supporting us; and you stretched out your right arm, proud of its strength, as you exclaimed—'I would rather trust in the might of this good arm, than in all beyond the senses.' You recollect the rebuke you met. How nicely it met your need. Was not that paralysis a real blessing to you—to us."

Mr. Wilson's eyes rested on his plate. He did recollect that year, and that day—it was Sunday—they had been talking of faith and works, talking of religion as a necessary element in the business of life. The husband had insisted that man endowed with common sense, and fair business tact, was sufficient, of himself, to manage his earthly affairs, without looking for aid to superior influence. He had passed along successfully, so far, in an honest, industrious life; he saw his way clear through coming years; and he should still expect natural results. So he said.

Mary did not reply. Terrified, she looked pleadingly in his face, and said, "God bless you; for I feel that a severe lesson awaits you—the 'natural result' of what? Is it only through suffering, that you can understand our dependence on God? What will be that suffering?"

Mary did not know that by his voluntary habits, her husband's body was so obstructed and his nerves so overtasked as to endanger his life.

People said George Wilson was robust, the picture of health; yet the machinery of life moved with ruinous friction. The deprecating organs were torpid; and the blood, filled with deadly elements, neither could circulate freely nor nourish the parts effectively. Nature, that does the best it can under the worst circumstances, had endured abuse to the utmost; of which fact he was soon made fearfully conscious.

A few days after the Sabbath to which Mrs. Wilson had alluded, her husband went to Boston, to conclude a fortunate bargain. He was waiting for the commission merchant who had appointed to meet him at ten o'clock. The merchant came. Mr. Wilson rose to greet him, and fell to the floor—his right arm, right leg, and the right half of his body paralyzed. In less than one week from the day when he stretched out his arm, trusting in its might, that arm lay powerless at his side.

Mary was sad; but George saw in her face, only love, patience and trust. He had treated her ideas as idle or impractical. He was to realize their value, in his extreme need. As he lay helpless before her, she said, caressing the palsied hand, "George, in health, we need for its preservation, pure air, sunshine, exercise and rest, sleep, water, food, temperature, and mental influences; and for the recovery of health, when it is lost, we need only the same things and influences adapted to our changed condition."

Against this opinion, George *looked* a protest, accompanied by inarticulate sounds. Mary replied—"When that fine tree, in front of the house drooped, you considered under what conditions it was designed to flourish; and you gave just what it could use to build itself up. You attended to the quality of the ground about it, to the condition of the roots, bark, &c., and to the moisture it needed. You did not bathe it with alcoholic liquor, nor give it opium, calomel, cayenne, lobelia, or aconite. You supplied it with only what promotes its health. Why not in reference to yourself, consult common sense, and follow the suggestions of reason? Medicines cannot cure. The physician can only supply conditions which enable the inherent vitality to restore health. Let me treat your case, George. You need only conform, in all respects, to the laws of health; and I know just how to help the work by supplying conditions to facilitate the action of the life-power. God will bless such obedience to physiological laws; for these laws are ordained by Him."

George listened. He waited. Again, Mary spoke. He listened with increased interest, till he signified a willingness for her to manage him as she pleased. In two months, he was about his business. He remembered this; and he now looked over his thirsty fields, and said: "Yes, Mary, I know God gives the increase. But when the ground is parched and famine threatnes, we do have anxieties and doubts; though assured so often, that He always sustains all who trust Him. We are croakers; in shame I confess."

"Intensely human, as we are George, if we habitually cherish confidence in Him, we can always rejoice, as he has all wisdom, power and unfailing love. 'Ay, although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.'"

ETHAN SPIKE ON THE MERRIMAC.

HORNBY, *June 28th* 1862

Wot is it about that ere buttin consarn—the Merrymuck? Some say she's no longer *non-est*—hes bust her biler or kerlapsed her ingine, an hes gone daown to the subterranean depths of the hevin billows—wich is likewise tempestooous raound about. Others—that she's with Gineral Fremaunt at Mernassas or Pike's Peak; but up here we mount ginerally think she's run the blockhed—through the gut of of Kansas—and is naow on a rampage daown East.

Knowin the importance of Hornby to the Union, its people naterally feel anxious that it should be properly defended; not that they keer a cuss about theirselves but allers actoated by that sublime patriotism which—wich is kalkerlated to do the greatest good to them as practices it.

And knowin the inemy would strike at Hornby first, I was sent to Orgusty as a committee of the hull on coastwise defences or offences if we needed em.

I faound the Guverner to hum—an a mighty perlite, peirt little body he is tew.

"Haow *dew* you *dew?*" says the Guverner, says he, "Mr. Spike," says he, "Ise heern tell of you—but never before did my mortal wisuals rest on your improvin countinents. Ets good for soar eyes, pollyfenus in the nose and gitter in hed, to look at yer," says he.

I told him that I'd ollers bin accounted good for them diseases, likewise pretty sartin in the mumps, an death on fitz an rebellious fevers. An then says I "Guverner how dew *you* dew?"

"Pretty well, I thank you!" says he, "except-in a bad cold, wich hes settled on the borax, but of the braown creeters or convalescence don't set in I don't keer. Otherways, I'm so's to be crawlin."

Then we didn't both of us say nothin' more for some time. The Guverner picked his teeth, an I got aout my knife an undertuk to whittle the cheer, but the fust lick I broke the blade agin a nail.

I fairly squalled—I was so mad.

"Blast your od rotted nails to eteernal blastnation!" says I.

The Guverner laughed.

"Hev to put nails in all the tables an cheers," says he, "elsewise I should hev to get a new set every month. Two sets—at least would be whittled up every time the gineral court sot."

I was riled, an well I mought—'twas a ripper, that blade—arter honin it on a brick I could split a hair—crossways—without bearin on much. For a minit I looked starn—but when I reflected that I could charge it to the taown in my bill of expenses, I mollyfied—I naut laughed the Guverner. "No consequence," says I, "the old knife want wuth a speckled cuss—Im glad you hed nails in the cheer," say I.

An then we shook hands agin.

Arter another long paws of interegnum, the Guverner looked at me kinder sly, an says, says he,

"Mr. Spike, you wanted to see me for sunthin?"

"Haow do you know that?" says I.

"Come, come," says he, slappin me on the shoulder an laughin', "I'v heern of you, your cluss, a parfect daown East metter Nick an tallerrand," says he, "but aout with it old boy."

"Wal," said I, "are you aweer of the importance of Hornby to the perpetootation of the perlaydiums of the Union?"

"Mr. Spike, I are."

"Wal then, here's a nutshell—Portland, Sauth Barwick Junction, Kennebunk, Baldwin and Blackstrop hev all been forty fied. We air modest, we dont expect to go as high as forty or even thirty, but we do think we orter be fied some, ef 'taent more'n fifteen. Give us a few Bombastic flotillers, a dozen or tew each Comumbards, Dan'l Green Parrotts and Winfield rifles, a lot of procrastinatin caps, a basket full of comical shells, with steel pints, a few rewolvin turreens to fix onto canawl boats, several or more of you have em to spare, iron clad monsters, ten berrils Medford rum, one ditto flaour, about 4000,00000—"

"There, there, hold on Mr. Spike," interrupted the Guverner. "You hev named armaments enough for the rock of Jibbernaenosy. What on airth do you want it for?"

"*Isril Washbun*," says I, "*the Merrymuck is abroad!*" says I.

"Po" says he, "that critter was blowed up three weeks ago."

Says I, "Isril, it haint so, it's a federal lie, that briny behemouth of the deep is naow on aour coast."

"Wal, sposin' she is—haow is she going to get to Hornby?"

"By the canawl," says I.

"But haow kin she get through the locks?"

"Isril," says I, "*she'll pick em!*"

"God bless my soul!" says he "I never thought of that, I'll call a caounsel meetin' to night."

—*Vanity Fair.* ETHAN SPIKE.

THE DUST HEAPS OF LONDON.

The contents of every dust bin in this vast London are carried away periodically. The dustman receives a small gratuity from each householder, and when he has collected a cart load, he demands another shilling at the gate of the Paddington wharves as he deposits it within their precints. A dust heap is very valuable to the contractor, and a large one is said to be worth four or five thousand pounds. It has to be sifted, sorted and disposed of. We can give but a slight idea of its miscellaneous contents. Its chief constituent element is cinders, mixed with bits of coal, from the carelessness or waste of thousands of servants, which the searchers pick out of the heap to be sold forthwith. The largest and best of the cinders also are selected for the use of laundresses and braziers, whose purpose they answer better than coke. The far greater remainder is called breeze, because it is the portion left after the wind has blown the cinder-dust from it, through large upright iron sieves, held and shaken elbow high by the women who stand in the heap, whilst men throw up the stuff into the sieves. The breeze and ashes also are sold to brick-makers, the ashes are mixed with the clay of the bricks, and the breeze is used as fuel to burn between their layers.

But the heap likewise includes soft ware and hard ware. The former includes all vegetable and animal matter—all that will decompose. All these are carried off to be employed as manure. Stale fish and dead cats come into this list—the skins of the latter being stripped off by the sifters, who can sell them for fourpence or sixpence, according to their color, white being most in request. The "hard ware" does not merely mean broken pottery, though of this there is great abundance. Part of the pottery is matched and mended by the women who find it, and becomes their perquisites; the rest, with the oyster-shells, is sold to make new roads. But hardware in the dust heaps means rags, which go to the paper makers; bones, which go to the bone boilers; old iron, brass and lead, to salesmen of those metals; broken glass, to old glass shops; old carpets, old mattresses, old boxes, old pails, old baskets, broken teaboards, candlesticks, fenders, old silk handkerchiefs, knives, and salt cellars, not forgetting old shoes, which go in baskets to the "translators," who turn old shoes into new; everything in short that the householder has thought "not worth mending," besides many a wasteful addition which the masters never knew, from mansions where recklessness and extravagance bear rule. Some of the contents are the sifters' perquisites—a certain amount of cinders, and as much paper and wood as they can carry, and corks of bottles, by which alone some boast they can find themselves in shoe leather: pill boxes also, and gillipots, are their lawful property. Jewelry, silver forks and spoons, and money, are occasionally found, and too often appropriated by the finder. One day a check for a considerable sum was discovered among the waste paper.

☞ He who turns from evil habits, does himself a good turn.

HUMAN NATURE THE SAME ALL THE WORLD OVER.

It is not unknown to the American people that no nation has more sarcastically reviled our trials by jury, or more bitterly alluded to our subserviency to public opinion, than have done the journals and people of England. They have lost no opportunity of sneering at the justice of our Courts of Law, and questioning the 'maudlin sympathy,' as they expressed it, which prevails in the American jury box. But the following very interresting and very righteous decision of their own Courts confirms the fiact that the true instincts of human nature are the same, among civilized nations, all over the globe.

In a recent trial at the Old Bailey, in London, Lord Chief Justice Tindale presiding, Geo. Hammond, a portrait painter, was placed at the bar, to be tried on an indictment found against himself by the Grand Jury, for wilful murder, with malice aforethought, of George Baldwin, a rope dancer and mountebank. The prisoner was a man of medium height, but slender form. His eyes were blue and mild. His whole bearing gave evidence of subdued sadness and melancholy resignation. He was 41 years of age, had a soft voice, and his appearance and manner bore evidence of his being a man of distinguished education, in spite of the poverty of his dress.

On being called out to plead, the prisoner admitted that he did kill Baldwin, and he deplored the act, adding, however, that, on his soul and conscience, he did not believe himself guilty. Thereupon a jury was impanneled to try the prisoner. The indictment was then read to the jury, and the act of killing being admitted, the Government rested their case, and the prisoner was called upon for his defence.

The prisoner then addressed himself to the Court and Jury, and the following remarks were made.

"My Lord" said he, "my justification is to be found in a recital of the facts. Three years ago I lost a daughter, then four years of age, the sole memorial of a beloved wife whom it has pleased God to recall to Himself. I lost her, but I did not see her die. She disappeared—she was stolen from me. She was a charming child, and but her I had nobody in the world to love me. Gentlemen, what I have suffered cannot be described; you cannot comprehend it. I had expended in advertising and fruitless searches everything I possessed—furniture, pictures, even to my clothes. All have been sold. For three years I had been seeking for my child in all the cities and all the villages in the three kingdoms. As soon as by painting portraits I had succeeded in gaining a little money, I returned to London to commence by advertisements in the newspapers. At length on Friday, the 14th day of April last, I crossed the Smithfield cattle market. In the centre of the market a troup of mountebanks were performing their feats. Among them a child was turning on its head supported on a halberd. A ray from the soul of its mother must have penetrated my own, for me to have recognized my child in that condition. It was my child. Her mother would have precipitated herself towards her and locked herself in her arms. As for me a veil passed over my eyes. I know how it was—I, habitually so gentle, even to weakness, seized him by the clothes—I raised him in the air, then dashed him to the ground—then again; he was dead. Afterward I repented what I had done. At the moment I regretted that I was able to kill but one."

Lord Chief-Justice Tindale—"These are not Christian sentiments. How can you expect the Court and jury to look with favor on your defence, or God to pardon you, if you cannot forgive?"

Prisoner—"I know my Lord, what will be your judgment, and that of the jury; but God has pardoned me; I feel it in my heart. You know not, I knew not then, the whole extent of the evil that man has done. When some compassionate people brought me my daughter in prison, she was no longer my child; she was no longer pure and angelic as formerly; she was corrupt, body and soul—her manner, her language, infamous like those with whom she had been living. I did not recognize her myself. Do you comprehend now? That man had robbed me of the love and soul of my child. And I—I have killed him but once."

Foreman—"My Lord, we have agreed on our verdict."

The Chief-Justice having summed up the case, the jury retired and in an instant after returned into Court with a verdict of "Not guilty."

On the discharge of Hammond, the sheriff was obliged to surrender him with an escort. The women were determined to carry him off in triumph. The crowd followed him all the way to his lodgings, with deafening shouts and huzzas.

ORIGIN OF WESTERN PRAIRIES.

Mr. Leo Lesquereux, the well-known geologist, who has carefully studied the prairies of the Mississippi valley, ascribes their general formation to the agency of water. He says:

All the prairies still in the state of formation along the great lakes of the North are nothing else but marshes slowly passing to dry land by slow recession of water. When land is continually covered by low and stagnant water, its only vegetation is that of the rushes and of the sedges. When the same land is alternately subjected to long inundations and then to dryness, during some months of the year, the same plants continue to cover it. By their decomposition, these marshy plants produce a peculiar ground, either black, light, permeable when it is mixed with sand, as it is near the borders of the lakes, or hard, cold, impermeable when it is mixed with clay or muddy alluvium, as in some marshes underlaid by clay or shales, or along the banks of some rivers. Land continually covered with stagnant water cannot produce any trees, because the trees require for their growth, like most of the terrestrial plants, the introduction of atmospheric air to their roots. Neither do trees germinate and grow on a ground alternately covered with stagnant water and exposed to dryness for some months of the year. From these considerations, the law of the general formation of the prairies can be deduced: While a land or a part of a country is slowly passing from the state of swamp or marsh to the state of dry land, the annual alternation of stagnant water and dryness causes the vegetation of peculiar plants, which, by their decomposition, form a peculiar soil unfavorable to the growth of trees. From this general rule of formation, which regards only the prairies of the Mississippi valley, all the different phenomena of peculiar appearances of the prairies can be easily explained.

THE VOICE OF GOD.

The Latin proverb, *the voice of the people is the voice of God*, is one which it is well worth our while to understand. If it were affirmed in this that every outcery of the multitude, supposing only it be loud enough and wide enough, ought to be accepted as the voice of God speaking through them, no proposition more foolish or more impious could well be imagined. But the voice of the people is something very different from this. The proverb rests on the assumption that the foundation of man's being are laid in the truth; from which it will follow, that no conviction which is really a conviction of the universal humanity, but reposes on a true ground; no faith, which is indeed the faith of mankind, but has a reality corresponding to it; for as Jeremy Taylor has said, "it is not a vain noise, when many nations join their voices in the attestation or detestatin of an action." The task and difficulty, of course, must ever be to discover what this faith and what these convictions are; and this can only be done by an induction from a sufficient number of facts, and in sufficiently different times, to enable us to feel confident that we have indeed served that which is the constant quantity of truth in them all, and separated this from the inconstant one of falsehood and error evermore offering itself in its room; that we have not taken some momentary cry, wrung out by interest, by passion or by pain, for the voice of God; but claimed this title only for that true voice of humanity, which, unless everything be false, we have a right to assume an echo of the voice of God.

THIRTEEN O'CLOCK.

Mr. Smiles, in his new work, *Lives of the Engineers*, tells us a quaint story of the celebrated Duke of Bridgewater, the originator of the equally celebrated canal. His Grace was in the daily habit of inspecting the progress of the works, and, observed that the laborers the moment the bell struck twelve were off to their dinners on the instant, but were by no means so precise in their return at one o'clock, remonstrated on the subject with the workmen. It was urged in excuse of the men, that it was easy enough for them to hear twelve strokes of the clock, but that *one* might easily escape their notice; upon which his Grace had the works of the clock altered so that it should *strike thirteen*, which it did to the day of his death.

☞ Do not all that you can do; spend not all that you have; believe not all that you hear; and tell not all that you know.

☞ A word fitly spoken or written will often prove as a nail in a sure place.

☞ Counsel that favors our desires needs careful watching.

TO the Judge of Probate within and for the County of Kennebec.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Guardian of Darius B. Smith and Harrison N. Smith, minor heirs of Sophia Smith, late of Winthrop, in said County, deceased, respectfully represents, that said minors are seized and possessed of the following described real estate, viz:—All the interest of said wards in the homestead farm of William Johnson, late of Monmouth, deceased. That an advantageous offer has been made for the same, which offer it is for the interest of all concerned immediately to accept, the proceeds of sale to be placed at interest for the benefit of said wards. Said Guardian therefore prays for license to sell and convey the above described real estate to the person making said offer.

FRANCIS E. WEBB.

KENNEBEC COUNTY....In Court of Probate, at AUGUSTA, on the second Monday of June, 1862.

On the petition aforesaid, ORDERED, That notice be given by publishing a copy of said petition, with this order thereon, three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of July next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden in Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

ATTEST: J. BURTON, *Register.*

A true copy of the Petition and Order thereon.

ATTEST: J. BURTON, *Register.* 27*

TO the Judge of Probate within and for the County of Kennebec.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Guardian of Julia A. Gordon, Nelson D. Gordon,